THE

WORKS

OF

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH.

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, AND EXPLANATORY.

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AND OTHERS.

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THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

VOL. VII.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS tragedy differs in many reſpects from that which appeared at *Paris* under the ſame title in the year 1752, when it was tranſcribed from the repreſentation by ſome vile copyiſts, who moſt ſhamefully disfigured it: the parts then omitted were filled up by other hands, and above an hundred verſes interpolated, not written by the author of *Catiline*. From this imperfect copy was publiſhed a ſurreptitious edition, full of errors from beginning to end, which was followed by another in *Holland*, ſtill more faulty. The preſent edition was carefully inſpected by the author himſelf, who even altered ſeveral whole ſcenes in it. It is certainly a moſt flagrant abuſe, which calls every day for redreſs, that the works of authors ſhould be printed in ſpite of themſelves. A bookſeller is in a hurry to publiſh a bad edition of a work that falls into his hands, and this very bookſeller ſhall afterwards complain moſt bitterly, when the author, whom he has injured, gives us the performance as it really is. Such is the miſerable condition of modern literature.

PREFACE.

TWO motives induced me to make choice of a ſubject for tragedy, which ſeemed on the firſt view of it but ill adapted to the manners and cuſtoms of the *French* theatre. I was willing to endeavour once more, by a tragedy without any declarations of love in it, to put an end to the reproaches ſo often thrown out againſt us in the learned world, of filling our ſtage with nothing but gallantry and intrigue, and at the ſame time to make our young men, who frequent the theatre, better acquainted with *Cicero*. The amazing grandeur of *Rome* in paſt times ſtill commands the attention of all mankind; and modern *Italy* derives part of her glory from the diſcoveries ſhe is every day making of the ruins of the ancient. The houſe where *Cicero* lived is ſhewn to us with ſome degree of veneration, his name echoed by every tongue, and his writings in every hand. Thoſe who are unable to inform us who preſided at the courts of juſtice within theſe fifty years in their own country, can tell you when *Cicero* was at the head of Rome. The more light we have into the laſt period of the Roman commonwealth, the more do we admire this great man; though it muſt be confeſſed, that moſt of our too lately civilized nations have entertained very falſe and imperfect ideas

ideas concerning him: his works indeed made a part of our education, but we remained ſtill ignorant of his true merit; the author was ſuperficially ſtudied, the conſul almoſt utterly unknown; the lights which we have ſince acquired let us into his real character, and ſet him far above all thoſe who ever were employed in the affairs of government, or were diſtinguiſhed by their eloquence.

Cicero might, perhaps, have been any thing, and every thing that he choſe to be: he gained a victory in the ſtreights of *Iſſus*, where *Alexander* had conquered the *Perſians:* it is very probable, that if he had applied himſelf intirely to the art of war, a profeſſion which requires a good underſtanding, and extraordinary induſtry, he would have ſhone amongſt the moſt illuſtrious commanders of his age; but as *Cæſar* would have been but the ſecond of orators, *Cicero* would have been but the ſecond of generals: he preferred to all other glory that of being the father of Rome, the miſtreſs of the world; and how extraordinary muſt have been the merit of a private gentleman of *Arpinum*, who could make his way through ſuch a number of great men, and attain, without intrigue, the moſt exalted place in the whole univerſe, in ſpite of the envy and malice of ſo many Patricians, who at that time bore ſway in *Rome!*

What we have ſtill more reaſon to be aſtoniſhed at is, that amidſt a thouſand cares and diſquie-

tudes, and during a whole tempeſtuous life, burthened as he was both by public and private affairs, this wonderful man could yet find leiſure to acquaint himſelf with all the various ſects of religion in *Greece*, and ſhine forth one of the greateſt philoſophers, as well as orators, of his age. Are there many miniſters, magiſtrates, or lawyers, now in *Europe*, of any eminence, who are able, I will not ſay to explain the diſcoveries of *Newton*, or the ideas of *Leibnitz*, in the ſame manner as *Cicero* illuſtrated the principles of *Zeno*, *Plato*, and *Epicurus*, but even to ſolve any difficult problem in philoſophy?

Cicero, a circumſtance which very few are acquainted with, was withal one of the beſt poets of the age he lived in, when poetry was yet in its infant ſtate: he even rivalled *Lucretius*. Can any thing be more beautiful than theſe verſes yet remaining of his poem on *Marius*, which makes us ſtill regret the loſs of that excellent performance?

Hic *Jovis* altiſoni ſubitò pinnata ſatelles
Arboris è trunco, ſerpentis ſaucia morſu,
Ipſa feris ſubigit transfigens unguibus anguem
Semianimum, & varia graviter cervice micantem:
Quem ſe intorquentem lanians, roſtroque cruentans,
Jam ſatiata animos, jam duros ulta dolores

Abjicet efflantem, & laceratum affligit in undas
Seque obitu a ſolis nitidos convertit ad ortus.

I am throughly perſuaded, that our languague is incapable of expreſſing the harmonious energy of *Greek* and *Latin* verſes: I will, however, venture to give a ſlight ſketch from this little picture, painted by the great man whom I have characteriſed in my *Rome preſerved*, and whoſe *Catilines* I have imitated in ſome parts of the tragedy.

Thus, wounded by an earth-born ſerpent, flies
The bird of *Jove*, and in his talons bears
His ſtruggling foe; the dying reptile wreaths
His tortur'd ſcales that glitter in the ſun;
Till the fierce eagle drops his bleeding prey,
Soars to the ſkies, and ſeeks his native heav'n.

Thoſe who have the leaſt ſpark of taſte will perceive, even in this imperfect copy, the force of the original: whence comes it then that *Cicero* ſhould paſs for a bad poet? only becauſe *Juvenal* has thought fit to ſay ſo, and imputed to him that ridiculous verſe,

O fortunatam natam me conſule *Romam!*

So ridiculous, that the *French* poet, who was deſirous of pointing out the abſurdity of it in a tranſlation, could not ſucceed in it:

O Rome fortunée ſous mon conſulat née

does not expreſs half the nonſenſe of the Latin.

Is it poſſible the author of thoſe fine verſes I juſt now quoted could ever write any thing ſo ridiculous! there are follies which a man of ſenſe and genius can never be guilty of: but the real truth is, that prejudice, which will never allow two ſpecies of excellency to one man, denied *Cicero*'s ability to make verſes, becauſe he himſelf thought fit to renounce it. Some low buffoon, who envyed the reputation of this great man, wrote that fooliſh verſe, and attributed it to the orator, the philoſopher, the father of *Rome*. *Juvenal*, in the ſucceeding age, adopted this popular error, and handed it down to poſterity in his ſatirical declamations: I believe many a reputation both good and bad is eſtabliſhed in the ſame manner. Theſe two verſes, for inſtance, are imputed to *Mallebranche*.

Il fait en ce beau jour le plus beau tems du monde
Pour aller à cheval ſur la terre & ſur l'onde.

To which it is added, that he made them on purpoſe to ſhew that a philoſopher could be a poet whenever he had a mind to it. What man, with common ſenſe, could ever be perſuaded that *Mallebranche* was capable of writing any thing ſo abſurd? and yet let but a retailer of anecdotes, or a literary compiler, tranſmit this idle tale to poſterity, and in proceſs of time it ſhall gain credit; and though

Mallebranche

Mallebranche was one of the greateſt of men, it will be ſaid one day or other, that this great man turned fool when he got out of his ſphere.

Cicero has been reproached for too much ſenſibility, and too much dejection in adverſity: he imparts his well-grounded complaints to his wife and friends, and his frankneſs is imputed to cowardice: but let who will blame him for pouring into the boſom of friendſhip that grief which he concealed from his perſecutors, I love him the more for it: the virtuous ſoul alone is capable of feeling. *Cicero*, fond as he was of glory, had no ambition of appearing to be what he was not. We have ſeen men in your own times dying with grief at the loſs of very trifling emoluments, after a ridiculous pretence of not regretting them at all. What is there then ſo mean or cowardly, in acknowledging to a wife or friend, that a man was unhappy at being baniſhed from his country, which he had ſerved, or at being perſecuted by a ſet of ungrateful and perfidious villains? ſurely we ought to ſhut our hearts againſt the tyrants who oppreſs us, and open them to thoſe we love.

Cicero was free and ingenuous throughout his whole conduct; he ſpoke of his afflictions without ſhame, and of his thirſt after true glory without diſguiſe: this character is natural, at the ſame time that it is great: ſhall we prefer to this the policy of *Cæſar*, who tells us in his Commentaries,

that he offered peace to *Pompey*, and yet in his private letters vows that he never had any ſuch intention? *Cæſar* was a great, but *Cicero* was an honeſt man: but his having been a good poet, and philoſopher, an excellent governor, or an able general, that he had a feeling and a good heart, are not points that concern our preſent purpoſe: he ſaved *Rome* in ſpite of the ſenate; one half of which at leaſt oppoſed him, from motives of the moſt inveterate envy and malice; even thoſe whoſe oracle, whoſe deliverer and avenger he was, were amongſt his worſt of foes: he laid the foundation of his own ruin by the moſt ſignal ſervice that man ever performed for his country: to repreſent this is the principal deſign of the tragedy: it is not ſo much the ferocious ſpirit of *Catiline*, as the generous and noble ſoul of *Cicero*, which I have there endeavoured to deſcribe.

It has always been aſſerted, and the opinion gains ground amongſt us, that *Cicero* is one of thoſe characters which ſhould never be brought upon the ſtage.

The *Engliſh*, who hazard every thing without knowing what they hazard, have given us a tragedy on the conſpiracy of *Catiline*, wherein *Ben Johnſon* has made no ſcruple of tranſlating ſeven or eight pages of *Tully*'s oration; he has even tranſlated them into proſe, not imagining it poſſible to make *Cicero* ſpeak in verſe. The conſul's

proſe,

proſe, to ſay the truth, mingled with the verſe of the other characters, form a contraſt worthy of the barbarous age of *Ben Johnſon:* but to treat a ſubject ſo grave, and withal ſo totally void of thoſe paſſions which generally captivate the heart, we muſt have to do with a ſerious and cultivated people, worthy in ſome meaſure of having the manners of ancient *Rome* exhibited before them. I acknowledge at the ſame time that this ſubject is not well adapted to our ſtage: we have much more taſte, decorum, and knowledge of the theatre than the Engliſh, but our manners for the moſt part are not ſo ſtrong. We are only pleaſed with the ſtruggle of thoſe paſſions which we ourſelves experience; thoſe amongſt us who are beſt acquainted with the works of *Cicero*, and the *Roman* republic, are not frequenters of a play-houſe; they do not in this reſpect follow the example of *Tully* himſelf, who we know was conſtantly there: it is aſtoniſhing they ſhould pretend to more gravity than him: they have only leſs taſte for the fine arts, or they are with-held by a ridiculous prejudice: what progreſs ſoever thoſe arts may have made in *France*, thoſe gentlemen of diſtinguiſhed genius and abilities who have cultivated them amongſt us, have not yet imparted true taſte to the whole nation: we are not born ſo happy as the *Greeks* and *Romans*, but frequent the theatre more out of idleneſs than from any real regard to literature.

This tragedy ſeems rather to be made for the cloſet than the ſtage; it met with applauſe indeed, and even more than *Zara*, but it is not of ſuch a ſpecies as to ſupport itſelf on the ſtage like *Zara*: it is written, notwithſtanding, with more ſtrength: the ſingle ſcene between *Cæſar* and *Catiline* was executed with more difficulty than half thoſe pieces which are filled with nothing but love: but to theſe the heart returns with pleaſure, whilſt our admiration of the ancient *Romans* is quickly exhauſted. In our times nobody enters into conſpiracies, but every body is in love. The repreſentation of *Catiline* requires withal a large company of actors, and a magnificent apparatus.

The learned will not here meet with a faithful narrative of *Catiline*'s conſpiracy: a tragedy, they very well know, is not a hiſtory; but they will ſee a true picture of the manners of thoſe times: all that *Cicero*, *Catiline*, *Cato* and *Cæſar* do in this piece is not true, but their genius and characters are faithfully repreſented: if we do not there diſcover the eloquence of *Cicero*, we ſhall at leaſt find diſplayed all that courage and virtue which he ſhewed in the hour of danger. In *Catiline* is deſcribed that contraſt of fierceneſs and diſſimulation which formed his real character. *Cæſar* is repreſented as growing into power, factious, and brave; that *Cæſar* who was born at once to be the glory and the ſcourge of *Rome*.

I have not brought on the ſtage the deputies of the *Allobroges*, who were not the ambaſſadors of *Gaul*, but agents of a petty province of *Italy*, ſubject to the *Romans*, who only appeared in the low character of informers, and were therefore not proper perſons to appear in company with *Cicero*, *Cæſar* and *Cato*.

If this performance ſhould appear tolerably well written, and to give us ſome idea of ancient *Rome*, it is all that the author pretends to, and all the reward which he expects from it.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CICERO,	CRASSUS,
CÆSAR,	CLODIUS,
CATILINE,	CETHEGUS,
AURELIA,	LENTULUS—SURA,
CATO,	Conſpirators,
LUCULLUS,	Lictors.

The SCENE repreſents on one ſide, the palace of Aurelia; on the other, the temple of Tellus, where the ſenate aſſembled: at a diſtance, a gallery communicating to ſome private paſſages that lead from the palace of Aurelia to the veſtibule of the temple.

CATILINE;

OR,

ROME PRESERVED.

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CATILINE.

[Soldiers at the bottom of the ſtage.

YES, thou proud talker, thou vile inſtrument
Of a deluded people, ſoon thy pow'r
Shall be no more; and thou whoſe ſavage virtue,
Inflexibly ſevere, deſtroys the nation
It means to ſave, imperious Cato, know
Thy doom is paſs'd, thou and the tyrant ſenate
Muſt fall together; they who keep the world
In bondage ſhall themſelves be ſlaves; their chains
Are forg'd already, and uſurping Pompey

Shall

Shall pay for dear-bought honours with his blood.
Cæſar, his haughty rival, ſhall oppoſe him,
His equal Cæſar: he who, like myſelf,
Was ever factious, ſhall aſſiſt my cauſe;
The ſnare is laid, and Cæſar ſhall prepare
The throne for Catiline; I'll make them all
Subſervient to my purpoſe: Cic'ro's ſelf,
The man whom moſt I hate, ſhall be my friend:
My wife too may be uſeful, and may prove
A ſtep to greatneſs: fathers, huſbands, all
Thoſe empty names miſtaken mortals call
Moſt ſacred, hence, I give you to the winds:
Ambition, I am thine.

SCENE II.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS.

CATILINE.

Well, my Cethegus,
Whilſt Rome and our deſigns are hid in night,
Say, haſt thou call'd together our brave chiefs?

CETHEGUS.

Ev'n here, my lord, beneath this portico,
Safe from the conſul's prying eyes, and near
That impious ſcene where our proud tyrants ſit,

Thy

Thy friends ſhall meet—already they have ſign'd
The ſolemn compact, and are ſworn to ſerve thee.
But how ſtands Cæſar, will he ſecond us?

CATILINE.

He is a turbulent unruly ſpirit,
And acts but for himſelf.

CETHEGUS.

And yet without him
We never ſhall ſucceed.

CATILINE.

I've laid a ſnare
He cannot 'ſcape: my ſoldiers, in his name,
Shall ſeize Preneſte—he's been long ſuſpected.
This will confirm his guilt—the furious conſul
Shall ſoon accuſe him to the ſenate—Cæſar
Will hazard all to ſatiate his revenge.
I'll rouze this ſleeping lion from his den,
And make him roar for me.

CETHEGUS.

But Nonnius ſtill
Rules in Preneſte; he's a friend to Rome.
In vain already thou haſt try'd to tempt
His ſtubborn virtue—what muſt be his fate?

CATILINE.

Thou know'ſt I love his daughter, tho' I hate
Her ſurly father: long he ſtrove in vain
To thwart our mutual paſſion, and prevent
Our private marriage, which at laſt the churl
Unwillingly conſented to: he fear'd
T' incur his angry party's high diſpleaſure,
And the proud conſul's—but I've made his pride
Subſervient to our purpoſe—he is bound
By ſolemn oaths to keep our marriage ſtill
A ſecret: Sura only and Cethegus
Are privy to it: this perhaps may ſerve
More purpoſes than one. Aurelia's palace
Conducts us to the temple; there I've plac'd
My inſtruments of ruin, arms, and firebrands,
To execute our great deſign: thy zeal
To friendſhip much I owe, but own to love
Hath been moſt uſeful, and I thank thee for it.
Beneath the ſenate's ſacred vault, beneath
The roof of Nonnius will we ſacrifice
Theſe tyrants—you, my friends, muſt to Preneſte;
You to the capitol; remember whom
You ſerve, the oath that binds you, and the cauſe
Ye are engag'd in—thou, my lov'd Cethegus,
Muſt watch o'er all, and guide the great machine.

SCENE

SCENE III.

AURELIA, CATILINE.

AURELIA.

O Catiline, my lord, my huſband, eaſe
My troubled heart, remove my doubts, my fears,
My horror, my deſpair—alas! what means
This dreadful preparation?—Ev'ry ſtep
I tread alarms me; why theſe ſoldiers, why
With arms and torches is my palace fill'd?
The days of Marius and of Sylla ſure
Are now return'd, and diſcord reigns amongſt us.
Explain, my lord, this dreadful myſtery:
Do not turn from me—by the ſacred tye
That joins our hearts, by the dear babe thou lov'ſt,
I talk not to thee of its mother's danger,
For thee alone I tremble: pity me,
Pity a wretched wife, and tell me all.

CATILINE.

Know then, my life, my fortune, and my fame,
Thy ſafety, and my own, the common cauſe,
Demand a conduct which thy fears condemn.
But if thou lov'ſt me, let whate'er thou ſeeſt
Be bury'd in thy breaſt: I mean to ſave
Rome's better part; the ſenate and the people
Are diſunited—danger threats the ſtate

On ev'ry ſide; I've taken the beſt means
To make all well again.

AURELIA.

I hope thou haſt;
But can we hide our hearts from thoſe we love?
Can'ſt thou deceive me? yet what thou haſt ſaid
Double my fears. Alas! thy looks are wild,
And full of horror. What will Nonnius ſay
When he ſhall ſee theſe dreadful preparations?
The voice of nature, and the tender names
Of father and of brother oft have paſs'd
Unheard and unregarded, when the cauſe
Of Rome requir'd it--well thou know'ſt our marriage
Gave much offence, and when my angry father
Returning ſhall behold theſe ſad effects
Of our unhappy union, what, my lord,
Muſt I expect? O why wilt thou abuſe
The pow'r which love has giv'n thee o'er a heart
Devoted to thy ſervice?—thou haſt gain'd
A party; but conſider well my father,
Cato, and Cicero, and Rome, and heav'n,
Are all thy foes: Nonnius perhaps may come
This very day on purpoſe to deſtroy thee.

CATILINE.

Be not afraid, I know he cannot.

AURE-

AURELIA.

How!

CATILINE.

Whene'er he comes he muſt approve our purpoſe:
I am not left at liberty to tell thee
What we deſign, ſuffice it that his int'reſt
And mine are one: I know when he ſhall find
The fair reſult, he then will join with me
To pull down the proud tyrants he obeys.
Truſt me, Aurelia, what I do ſhall prove
The fertile ſpring of everlaſting glory
And honour to you both—

AURELIA.

Alas! the honour
I fear is doubtful, and the danger certain:
What ſeek'ſt thou? wherefore woud'ſt thou urge thy fate?
Is't not enough to rank amongſt the firſt
Of human kind, and rule the ſubject world?
Why woud'ſt thou mount the giddy heights of pow'r,
And court deſtruction? my foreboding heart
Already ſees, and trembles at thy danger.
Are theſe the promis'd joys of flatt'ring love?
The peace I hop'd for? I have loſt it now
For ever: O, my lord, when laſt theſe eyes

Were

Were in a ſhort and broken ſlumber clos'd,
Methought I ſaw in flames imperial Rome;
Saw murders, deaths, and rivers ſtain'd with blood,
My father maſſacred in open ſenate,
And thee, my Catiline, amidſt a band
Of vile aſſaſſins, breathing forth thy ſoul
In dreadful agonies: I roſe, and fled
From theſe ſad images to find my lord,
My guardian, my protector—thou art here,
And I, alas! am but the more unhappy.

CATILINE.

Away—your omens fright not Catiline;
Complain not, but be reſolute: I want
Your courage, not your tears, when I am ſerving
You and my country.

AURELIA.

Is it thus you mean
To ſerve her? O, my lord, I know not what
Your purpoſe is; but were it fair and juſt,
Perhaps I might long ſince have been conſulted;
Our mutual int'reſt claim'd it from a huſband:
If you diſſemble with me, I have cauſe
To doubt, and to be wretched—Cicero
Has long ſuſpected thee, and Rome thou know'ſt
Adores him.

CATI-

CATILINE.

Whom? my hated rival?

SCENE IV.

CATILINE AURELIA, MARTIAN, one of the Conſpirators.

MARTIAN.

Sir,
The conſul comes this way—by his command
The ſenate meet; he wiſhes firſt to ſee
And ſpeak with you.

AURELIA.

I tremble at his name.

CATILINE.

Why tremble at the name of Cicero?
Let Nonnius fear and rev'rence him, diſgrace
His rank and character by mean ſubmiſſion;
I pity the weak ſenator, but hop'd
To find in thee a nobler ſoul: not thus,
Remember, acted your brave anceſtors:
Gods! that a woman, and a Roman, ſprung
From Nero's blood, ſhou'd thus be void of pride
Or of ambition! noble minds are ne'er
Without them.

AURELIA.

Mine perhaps thou think'ſt is mean
And timid; cruelty alone with thee

Is courage; thy reproach is moſt unkind.
But know me better; know that this fond wife,
Whom thou contemn'ſt, who has not pow'r to change
Or ſoften thee, has more of Roman in her
Than thou can'ſt boaſt; and, coward as ſhe is,
Can teach thee how to die.

CATILINE.

How many cares
At once ſurround me!—Cicero comes—but him
I fear not: this Aurelia.——

SCENE V.

CICERO, CATILINE, Chief of the Lictors.

CICERO. [To the chief Lictor.

Do as I
Command you—I'll try if I can ſound
This faithleſs heart; leave me alone with him:
Sometimes a villain may be wrought by fear
To better counſel, and renounce his purpoſe.
Who's there? the proud plebeian, chos'n by Rome
To be her maſter?

CICERO.

E'er the ſenate meet,
Cat'line, I come for the laſt time to hold
The friendly torch, and ſave thy wand'ring ſteps
From the dread precipice of guilt and ruin.

CATI-

CATILINE.

Who, thou?

CICERO.

Yes, I.

CATILINE.

And it is thus thy hate
Purſues me?

CICERO.

Call it pity—but obſerve me,
The capitol is weary of thy plaints,
Thy factious cries, and bold impertinence;
Rome, and the ſenate have, it ſeems, debas'd
The conſul's dignity by chooſing me:
Thy pride we know expected it, but how
Had'ſt thou deſerv'd it? was it by thy name,
Or family, thy valour, or the pride
Of a looſe prodigal in ſhews and feaſts
And idle pomp; cou'd theſe entitle thee
To ſuch exalted honours? coud'ſt thou hope
To be the great diſpenſer of the laws,
To guide the miſtreſs of the world, who rules
O'er proſtrate kings? had Catiline been what
He ought to be, I might perhaps to him
Have yielded the conteſted palm.—Hereafter
Thou may'ſt ſupport the ſtate, but to be conſul
'Tis fit thou firſt ſhoudſt be—a citizen.
Think'ſt thou by vile reflexions on my birth,
My fortune, and my fame, to taint my honour,

Or

Or weaken the firm baſis of my pow'r?
In our corrupted days it is not name,
Or family, that Rome has need of: no:
'Tis virtue; and the pride of Cicero
Hath ever been, that he ſhou'd nothing owe
To his forefather's—my nobility
Springs from myſelf, and thine may end in thee.

CATILINE.

It ill becomes a temporary pow'r,
Like thine, to boaſt of its authority.

CICERO.

Had Cic'ro us'd that pow'r as thou deſerv'ſt,
Thou woudſt not have been here to queſtion it:
Thou who haſt ſtain'd our altars with pollution
And ſacrilegious rage; thy days are number'd
But by thy crimes: thy merit is to dare,
To ſtrike at all, diſſemble, and betray:
Thou haſt abus'd the precious gifts that heav'n
Beſtow'd on thee for other purpoſes:
Senſe, beauty, courage, and heroic warmth,
All the fair ornaments of human nature,
Are but in thee the inſtruments of ill.
My voice, which ſtill is rais'd to ſcourge the wicked,
And plead for the oppreſs'd, hath ſpar'd thee yet;
Nor with the odious Verres rank'd the name

Of

Of Catiline; but long impunity
Hath made thee ſhameleſs, and inſenſible
Of all reproof—thou haſt betray'd the ſtate:
At Rome, and in Etruria all is diſcord,
And foul confuſion; Umbria is revolted;
Præneſte ſtaggers in her faith; the ſoldiers
Of barb'rous Sylla, drench'd in blood, come forth
From their dark caves prepar'd for ſlaughter, arm'd
By cruel Mallius; all are leagu'd with thee;
Thy partizans declar'd, or ſecret friends,
All are united in one guilty bond,
And ſworn to the deſtruction of their country:
I know thee for their chief, for I have eyes
On ev'ry ſide, and hands too, thou ſhalt find,
That, ſpite of thee, ſhall vindicate the cauſe
Of injur'd Rome; thy guilty friends ſhall feel
My juſtice too: thou haſt beheld me long
But as thy rival, now behold thy judge,
And thy accuſer, who will force thee ſoon
To anſwer for thy actions by thoſe laws
Which thou ſo oft haſt trampled on unpuniſh'd,
Thoſe laws which thou contemn'ſt, and I revenge.

CATILINE.

I've told you, ſir, already, that your office
But ill excuſes this indecent freedom:

But for that country's ſake, whom both are bound
To ſerve, I pardon your unjuſt ſuſpicions;
Nay, I do more, I honour your warm zeal;
Blind tho' it be, in ſuch a cauſe 'tis juſt:
But do not thus reproach me for paſt errors,
For the wild ſallies of impetuous youth,
That ſoon are o'er; your ſenate is to blame;
I follow'd their example; pomp and pride,
Exceſs and luxury, the fruits of conqueſt,
Are the time's vices, not the native bent
Of Cat'line's heart: I ſerv'd the common-weal
In Aſia as a ſoldier, as a judge
In Afric: ſpite of our domeſtic feuds,
Did I not make the name of Rome rever'd
Among the nations? I who have defended
Shall ne'er betray her.

CICERO.

Sylla too and Marius
Both ſerv'd their country well, and then deſtroy'd her.
Tyrants have all ſome ſpecious ſhow of virtue,
And ere they break their country's laws ſupport them.

CATILINE.

If you ſuſpect each brave and gallant ſoldier,
Let Cæſar, Pompey, Craſſus be accus'd:
Why fix on me amongſt ſo many? why

Am

Am I the only object of your fears?
Have I deſerv'd it?

CICERO.

That you beſt can tell.
But wherefore deign I thus to anſwer you?

CATILINE.

The more I plead in my defence, the more
Will Cicero condemn me: if as friend
Thou talk'ſt to me, thou but deceiv'ſt thyſelf,
I am thy foe; if as a citizen,
So too is Catiline; if as a conſul,
A conſul's not a maſter, he preſides
But in the ſenate, I defy him there.

CICERO.

Thou durſt not; for I there can puniſh guilt:
If thou art innocent, I will protect thee;
If not, I charge thee be not ſeen in Rome.

CATILINE.

This is too much: I will no longer bear
Thy inſults, tho' I ſcorn thy vague ſuſpicions:
Yet know, I think the worſt affront that thou
Cou'd put on Cat'line, wou'd be to protect him.

CICERO. [Alone.

Inſolent traitor! means he thus to prove
His innocence by falſe affected pride?

Perfidious wretch, I'm not to be deceiv'd,
Nor ſhalt thou thus eſcape the watchful eye
Of vengeance.

SCENE VI.

CICERO, CATO.

CICERO.

Well, my friend, haſt thou prepar'd
For Rome's defence?

CATO.

Your orders are obey'd;
I have diſpos'd the chiefs, and all are ready
To march as you direct them; but I fear
The people, nay the ſenate.

CICERO.

Ha! the ſenate?

CATO.

Ay—they are ſwol'n with pride—and foul diviſion
Will ſoon enſlave them.

CICERO.

Much indeed I fear
Our vices will revenge the conquer'd world:
Our liberty and virtue are no more;
But Rome may ſtill have hope whilſt Cato lives.

CATO.

Alas! who ſerves his country, often ſerves

A moſt ungrateful miſtreſs—ev'n thy merit
Offends the ſenate; with a jealous eye
It views thy greatneſs.

CICERO.

Cato's approbation
Is recompence enough; they honeſt praiſe
Will more than ballance their ingratitude;
On that and on poſterity alone
I ſhall rely; let us perform our duty,
And leave the reſt to heav'n.

CATO.

How ſhall we ſtem
The torrent of corruption? when I ſee,
Ev'n in this ſacred temple, rais'd to Virtue,
Infamous treaſon riſe with ſhameleſs front:
Can we ſuppoſe that Manlius, that proud rebel,
Wou'd dare advance his ſtandard, and blow up
The flames of civil war, if greater pow'rs
Did not ſupport him, if ſome ſecret foe
Abetted not their vile conſpiracy?
The leaders of the ſenate may betray us;
From Sylla's aſhes may new tyrants riſe:
My juſt ſuſpicions light on Cæſar.

CICERO.

Mine
On Catiline; perfidious, ſordid, raſh,
And bold; he loves rebellion, and delights
In novelty; more dangerous than Cæſar;
I know him well: ev'en now I parted from him;
What paſs'd between us but confirms me more
In my ſuſpicions; on his face I read
Rage and reſentment, the determin'd pride
Of his fierce ſpirit, that no longer deign'd
To hide its purpoſe, but ſtood forth, and own'd
Its enmity to Rome.—I muſt diſcover
His bold compeers, perhaps I may prevent
His future crimes, and ſave my falling country.

CATO.

Cat'line has friends; and much I fear the pow'r
Of theſe united tyrants may prove fatal:
Our forces are in Aſia, and at Rome
We are corrupted; but one upright man
May ſave the ſtate.

CICERO.

If we unite, our country
Has nought to fear—in factions diſcord ſoon
Diſſolves the tye; Cæſar perhaps may join them;
But, if I know him right, his noble ſoul
Will never ſtoop to ſerve a worthleſs tyrant;

He

He loves his country ſtill, and hates a maſter;
Tho' ſoon the time will come when he ſhall ſtrive
To be one; both are eager for applauſe,
And both ambitious: both are rais'd too high
To meet in friendſhip long; by their diviſion
Rome may be ſav'd; let us not tamely wait
To ſee our country's ruin, or behold
In ſhameful chains the maſters of mankind.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS.

CETHEGUS.

AT length the torch is lit to ſet on fire
Rome and the ſubject world; our army's nigh,
And all is ready for the great event.
Knowſt thou mean time, my friend, what paſſes here?

CATILINE.

I know the conſul's prudence, ſo he calls
His cowardice, which deeply ruminates

On future ills: like an unſkilful pilot
He ſets up ev'ry ſail for ev'ry wind,
But knows not or which way the tempeſt comes,
Or whither it may drive him—for the ſenate,
I fear it not; that many-headed monſter,
So proud of conqueſt and nobility,
Looks with an evil eye on Cicero;
I know it hates him, ſo does Cæſar; Craſſus
Wou'd gladly yield him up a ſacrifice
To our reſentment; on their jealouſy
Depend my hopes—he's like a dying man,
With feeble arm he ſtruggles for a while,
But ſoon ſhall ſink beneath us and expire.

CETHEGUS.

Envy I know attacks him, but his tongue
Can ſoften all; he leads the captive ſenate.

CATILINE.

I brave him ev'ry where; deſpiſe his clamours,
And ſmile at his reſentment: let him rail
To his laſt hour, and triumph in the ſhouts
Of his admirers; I have other cares
That ſit more heavy on me.

CE-

CETHEGUS.

What ſhould ſtop
Thy rapid progreſs in the paths of glory
And happineſs? Canſt thou have ought to fear?

CATILINE.

My num'rous foes I heed not, 'tis my friends
I have moſt cauſe to dread; the jealouſy
Of Lentulus, th'aſpiring ſoul of Cæſar,
And, above all, my wife.

CETHEGUS.

Shall Catiline
Be frighten'd at a woman's tears?—for ſhame,
Leave her t'indulge her viſionary fears:
I thought thou lov'ſt her as a maſter ſhou'd,
And mad'ſt her but the ſervile inſtrument
Of thy ambition.

CATILINE.

'Tis a dang'rous one:
Rome and her child divide with me her love.
Curſe on the name of Rome, that ev'n beneath
The roof of Cat'line thoſe ſhou'd dwell who love
Their country! But before th' important hour
That muſt decide our fate, ſhe ſhall be mov'd,
She and her ſon—be that thy care, Cethegus:

Our wives and children muſt not trouble us
In thoſe diſtreſsful moments—but for Cæſar—

CETHEGUS.

What's to be done? if he refuſe to join
Our cauſe, ſhall we proſcribe him; ſhall the names
Of Cic'ro and of Cæſar be united?

CATILINE.

Let me conſider—to cut Cæſar off—
That were a dreadful ſacrifice; methinks
I cannot but admire him, and revere
In him the honour of the Roman name:
But where is Lentulus?

CETHEGUS.

O fear not him;
His pride we know will prompt him to believe
That thou with him wilt ſhare the ſov'reign pow'r.

CATILINE.

Let him believe it ſtill; the cred'lous fool!
Thou ſeeſt, Cethegus, with that ſubtility
I'm forc'd to manage theſe imperious ſpirits;
Their rage, reſentment, pride, and jealouſy:
Know'ſt thou he dares ev'n to be Cæſar's rival?
To keep my friends within the pale of prudence
Will coſt me much more trouble than the ruin

Of

Of Cicero and Rome—to guide a party
Is of all taſks the hardeſt.—

CETHEGUS.

Lentulus
Is here, my lord.

SCENE II.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS, LENTULUS-SURA.

SURA.

In ſpite of my remonſtrance
You will rely on Cæſar, and confide
In him alone; Præneſte's in his pow'r,
And I muſt yield to him; but know, I ſcorn it:
The blood of Scipio was not made to yield.

CATILINE.

I've join'd with Cæſar, but depend not on him;
He may ſupport our cauſe, or he may hurt it;
I uſe his name, but 'tis for your advantage.

SURA.

And what is there in Cæſar's name ſuperior
To yours or mine? why muſt we meanly court
His favour? but becauſe he's Pompey's rival
Rome makes a God of him.—I am thy friend;
Sura and Cat'line may defy them all,
And without Cæſar make the world their own.

CATILINE.

We may—thy conduct and approved valour
Have ever been my beſt and ſureſt hope;
But Cæſar is belov'd, reſpected, fear'd;
The ſenate and the people all admire
And court him; ſtateſman, gen'ral, magiſtrate;
In peace rever'd, and terrible in war;
A thouſand ways he charms the multitude;
In ſhort he will be neceſſary,—

SURA.

Say
Deſtructive rather—if to day he ſhines
Our equal, by to-morrow he will prove
Our rival, and ere long perhaps our maſter:
Truſt me, I know him well, and therefore think
Our party has not a more dang'rous foe:
Perhaps his haughty ſoul may yield to thee,
But play the tyrant o'er the reſt; for me,
I cannot, will not brook it—I've devoted
My honour and my fortunes to thy ſervice;
But I renounce my plighted faith, renounce
Thee and thy cauſe, if Cæſar is preferr'd.

CATILINE.

And ſo thou ſhalt—I'd ſacrifice my life
Rather than e'er permit a haughty rival

To ſoar above us—Cæſar is our tool,
Our inſtrument; to-day I flatter him,
To-morrow can bring down his pride, perhaps
Do more—thou know'ſt our mutual happineſs
And int'reſt are my firſt and deareſt care.
Away, and let Aurelia be prepar'd: [To Cethegus.
Go; or her fond intruding love may ruin
Our deep laid ſchemes, and marr the great deſign:
Return ſome private way and meet me here,
I wait for Cæſar.

SURA.

Nothing's to be done,
I find without him—but I'll wait th' event.

CATILINE.

Farewell: remember I rely on thee
More than on Cæſar.—

CETHEGUS.

I ſhall execute
Your high command, and gather all our friends
Before the ſtandard of great Catiline.

SCENE

SCENE III.

CATILINE, CÆSAR.

CATILINE.

Hail, godlike Cæſar ! thou whom from the days
Of Sylla I have rank'd amongſt my beſt
And deareſt friends, whoſe fortunes I foretold :
Born as thou art to be the firſt of Romans,
How ſuits it with thy pride to be the ſlave
Of a plebeian, who for ever thwarts
And braves thee to thy face ? I know thou hat'ſt him ;
Thy piercing eye obſerves impatient Rome
Contending for her freedom, will not Cæſar
Aſſiſt his country to ſhake off her chains ?
The cauſe is noble, and the fate of millions
Depends on this important criſis ; thou
Wilt join us—look'ſt thou not with jealous eye
On Pompey ſtill ? doſt thou not ſtill abhor
The ſurly Cato ? can'ſt thou ſerve the gods
With half thy wonted zeal when the proud conſul
Preſides at th' altar ? will thy noble ſpirit
Bear theſe imperious rulers ; ſoft Lucullus,
Sunk in the arms of luxury and ſloth ;
The greedy Craſſus, graſping his large heaps
Of ill-got wealth, enough to purchaſe Rome

And

And all her venal ſons? on ev'ry ſide
Or faction or corruption reigns; the world
Calls out on Cæſar; wilt thou hear her voice?
Wilt thou redreſs and ſave thy falling country?
Will Cæſar liſten to his friend?

CÆSAR.

He will;
And if the ſenate do thee wrong, ſtep forth
To plead thy cauſe; I never will betray thee;
But aſk no more.

CATILINE.

Are theſe the utmoſt bounds
Of Cæſar's friendſhip, but to talk for him?

CÆSAR.

I've weigh'd thy projects, and ſhall not oppoſe them;
I may approve, but wou'd not execute.

CATILINE.

I underſtand you; you are on that ſide
Which fortune favors, and wou'd ſtand aloof
To mark the progreſs of our civil wars,
And raiſe your fortunes on the common ruin.

CÆSAR.

No—I have nobler views; my hate of Cato,
My jealouſy of Pompey, the renown
Of Cicero, conſpire to make me wiſh
I might

I might ſurpaſs 'em all; fair glory calls,
The banks of Seine, the Tagus, and the Rhine;
I pant for honour, and for victory.

CATILINE.

If conqueſt is thy aim, begin with Rome;
To-morrow we may reign the maſters of her.

CÆSAR.

The enterpriſe is great, perhaps too bold;
But, to be open with you, tho' 'tis worthy
Of Catiline, it ſuits not Cæſar.

CATILINE.

How!

CÆSAR.

I do not chuſe to ſerve.

CATILNE.

To ſhare with Cæſar
Were no diſhonour to the moſt ambitious.

CÆSAR.

But pow'r ſupreme is not to be divided:
I'll not be dragg'd at Cat'line's chariot wheels
To grace his triumph: as a friend I love thee;
But know, that friend ſhall never be—my maſter:
Ev'n Pompey ſhall not—Sylla, whom thy valour
Hath nobly follow'd in the race of glory;

Whoſe

Whoſe courage I admire; whoſe lawleſs rage
I ever ſhall abhor, enſlav'd proud Rome:
But he deſerv'd the glorious prize, ſubdued
The Helleſpont, and made Euphrates tremble:
Aſia was conquer'd: Mithridates own'd
His martial genius—but what noble deeds
Haſt thou to boaſt? what kings haſt thou ſubdued?
What ſeas has Cat'line paſs'd, what lands explor'd?
Thou haſt the ſeeds of greatneſs in thy nature;
But to enſlave thy country is above
Thy preſent pow'rs, above the pow'rs of Cæſar:
We have not ſtrength, authority, or name
For ſuch an enterprize. Rome ſoon muſt fall:
But ere I will attempt to be her maſter,
I will extend her empire and her glory;
And if I forge my country's chains, at leaſt
Will cover them with laurels.

CATILINE.

Mine, perhaps,
Is, after all, the ſhorteſt path to glory:
How did your boaſted Sylla riſe to empire?
He had an army, ſo has Catiline;
Rais'd by myſelf alone, and not, like his,
The gift of fortune: he obſerv'd with care

The favourable hour, and well improv'd it:
I have done more; have made the times and ſeaſons
Subſervient to me. Sylla was a king.
Wou'dſt thou be one? wilt thou be Cic'ro's ſlave,
Or rule with Cat'line?

CÆSAR.

Neither. To be free,
For I no longer will diſſemble with you,
I eſteem Cicero; but love him not,
Nor fear him: tho' I love, I dread not thee.
Divide the ſenate if thou can'ſt, pull down
The proud oppreſſors; you have my conſent;
But hope no more, nor dare to think that Cæſar
Will ever be thy ſlave: I'll keep thy ſecret,
And be thy friend or foe, as thou deſerv'ſt it.

SCENE IV.

CATILINE.

If he ſupports us not, e'en let him fall
The victim of his folly: Sylla knew
And wou'd have cut him off, but Sylla durſt not
I know he is my ſecret enemy,
As ſuch I ſhall be 'ware of him.

SCENE

SCENE V.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS, LENTULUS-SURA.

SURA.

What ſays
The mighty Cæſar? is he friend or foe?

CATILINE.

His barren friendſhip only offers me
A feeble aid; but we can do without him:
Perhaps he may repent it; and meantime
We've better pillars to ſupport the fabrick.
Behold, the heroes come.

SCENE VI.

CATILINE, the Conſpirators.

CATILINE.

Hail, bold Statilius,
Valiant Autronius, noble Piſo, hail!
Vargontes, and the reſt of my brave friends,
The firſt of men, the conquerors of kings,
The great avengers of a world oppreſs'd,
This ſeat of empire ſoon ſhall be your own:
The vanquiſh'd nations, which your valour gain'd,
Were raviſh'd from you by uſurping tyrants;
For the proud ſenate ſtill your blood hath flow'd;

For

For them Tigranes, Mithridates fell;
For them alone; and all your poor reward
Was but to ſtand at diſtance, and adore
Your haughty maſters; but at length the hour
Of vengeance is approaching: be prepar'd
For no inglorious enterprize: I know
Your ſouls wou'd ſcorn a vict'ry cheaply bought;
But I will bring you noble conqueſts, full
Of danger and of glory: ſeize, my friends,
The golden opportunity: already
I ſee your foes expiring at your feet.
Ruſh on your prey, burn, plunder, and deſtroy;
But, above all, let union guide your councils:
Even now Præneſte falls: the brave remains
Of Sylla's ſcatter'd forces march towards us:
I ſhall command them, and Rome muſt be yours.
Petreius vanquiſh'd, I ſhall clear my way
Even to the capitol, then you, my friends,
Shall riſe to empire, to a throne diſgrac'd
By worthleſs Romans, and by you reſtor'd
To its true luſtre: Curius and his band
Will open me the gates. But tell me, friend,
The Gladiatorian cohorts, where are they?
Will thoſe brave vet'rans join our cauſe?

LENTULUS.

They will:
Myſelf ſhall lead them in the dead of night,
And arm them in this ſecret place.

CATILINE.

Mount Cælius—
Is that ſecured?

STATILIUS.

I've bribed the centinels,
And all his ſafe.

CATILINE.

You to mount Aventine
Repair, and ſoon as Mallius ſhall diſplay
His colours, light your torches, ſpread deſtruction
On ev'ry ſide; let the proſcribed periſh.
Let Cic'ro (ye have ſworn it) be my firſt,
My darling victim: Cæſar too muſt die,
And Cato; theſe remov'd, the ſenate ſoon
Will tremble and obey: already fortune
Declares for us, and blinds them to their ruin:
Within their walls, and almoſt in their ſight,
We lay the ſnares of death, and mark them out
For ſacrifice: remember not to take up arms
Before th' appointed time: we muſt ſurpriſe

Ere

Ere we deſtroy: let Cicero and Rome
Periſh together, and the light'ing blaſt
Before the thunder's threat'ning voice alarms them.
Call not this deed a foul conſpiracy;
'Tis a juſt war declar'd againſt the foes
Of Rome and all mankind; reclaim your rights,
The empire of the world, which baſe uſurpers
Had raviſhed from you.

[To Cethegus and Lentulus-Sura.

Haſte, ye gallant leaders,
Haſte to the ſenate; ſee your victims there:
Hear your proud conſul roar; 'tis the laſt time
That he ſhall triumph there—now, worthy Romans,
Swear by this ſword, that with the blood of tyrants
Shall ſoon be ſtain'd, to periſh, or to conquer,
With Catiline.

MARTIAN.

By thee, and by this ſword,
We ſwear with thee to periſh or to conquer.

Anoth er Conſpirator.

Periſh the ſenate! periſh all who ſerve,
All who defend them! if there be amongſt us
A traitor, let him die.

CATI-

CATILINE.

Away; this night
Will finiſh all, and Rome ſhall be our own.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS, MARCIAN, SEPTIMUS.

CATILINE.

ARE all things ready? do our troops advance?

MARTIAN.

They are, my lord; the faithful Mallius comes
Prepar'd to circle theſe devoted walls;
Our friends impatient brook not dull delay,
But urge each other to the bloody ſcene;
We wait but thy command; appoint the hour
When Rome muſt fall.

CATILINE.

Soon as I quit the ſenate
Begin the ſacrifice: let this great day
Be ſacred to deſtruction: but mean time
Take ſpecial care the conſul's buſy friends
Do not obſerve our motions.

CETHEGUS.

Were it not
Moſt prudent to deſtroy him in the ſenate?
He has alarm'd the people, and foreſees
Our ev'ry action.

CATILINE.

Knows he the revolt
Of Mallius? knows he Cat'line's deep deſigns?
Knows he an army is approaching for me?
Fear not, my friends, ours is no common cauſe,
'Tis fit the means ſhou'd be proportion'd to it:
When vulgar mortals, grov'ling and obſcure,
Form ill-digeſted ſchemes, and idle plans
Of future greatneſs, if one ſlender wheel
Is broke, it overthrows the whole machine:
But ſouls like ours, a firm and choſen band,
Plans deeply laid, the conquerors of kings,
The ſons of Mars, united to ſupport

And

And raiſe each other, theſe muſt be ſuperior
To Cic'ro's art, or Cic'ro's vigilance:
We've nought to fear.

CETHEGUS.

But is Prænesſte ours
In Cæſar's name?

CATILINE.

Ay; that was my firſt ſtroke
Of policy: the unſuſpecting ſenate
Will be deceiv'd: I've whiſper'd it abroad,
That Nonnius hath conſpir'd againſt the ſtate,
And half our cred'lous fools believe the tale.
Ere he can clear his innocence, my army
Will be in Rome, and all ſecur'd: away,
Remove Aurelia: let no little cares
Intrude to ſtop or hurt the great deſign.

SCENE II.

AURELIA, CATILINE, CETHEGUS, &c.

AURELIA. [A letter in her hand.

There, Cat'line, read Aurelia's fate and thine,
Thy crime and thy juſt ſentence.

CATILINE.

What raſh hand—
Ha! 'tis thy father's.

AURELIA.

Read it.

CATILINE. [Reads the letter.

" Death too long
" Hath ſpar'd me, and the child I lov'd too well
" Muſt finiſh my ſad days: at length I ſuffer
" For my own follies, and that hapleſs marriage
" Which I conſented to. I know the plots
" Of thy vile huſband: Cæſar has betray'd us,
" And wou'd have ſeiz'd Præneſte: thou partak'ſt
" The treaſon: but repent, or periſh with them."
But how cou'd Nonnius e'er diſcover that
Which ev'n the conſul knows not?

CETHEGUS.

This may prove
Our ruin.

CATILINE. [To Cethegus.

It may turn to our advantage.
Aurelia, I muſt tell thee all: this day
The world is arm'd in Catiline's defence:

Say

Say, in the hour of danger wilt thou ſerve
A father or a huſband?

AURELIA.

To be ſilent,
And trouble you no more, were the commands
Which Cat'line laid on his neglected wife,
Spite of her fond intreaties, pray'rs, and tears:
What haſt thou further to deſire?

CATILINE.

Away:
This moment, ſend that letter to the conſul;
I have my reaſons; I wou'd have him know,
That Cæſar is as much to be ſuſpected
As I am: he's accus'd, and Cat'line not
So much as nam'd: it is as I cou'd wiſh.
Take with thee our lov'd infant, and return not
To bleeding Rome, till I am maſter there:
Then thou ſhalt reign with me: our marriage yet
Is kept a ſecret: I'll not have it known,
'Till at the head of our victorious army
I ſhall proclaim it loud to Italy,
And to the world: then ſhall thy haughty father,
As our firſt ſubject, humbly bend before thee,
And ſue to be forgiv'n: begone, Aurelia,
And leave me to my fate. I wou'd not wiſh

Thou ſhoud'ſt partake my dangers or my cares:
This night prepare to meet a conqueror.

AURELIA.

O Cat'line, mean'ſt thou to deſtroy thy country?
Is this the day appointed for deſtruction?

CATILINE.

To day I purpoſe to chaſtiſe my foes;
All is prepar'd.

AURELIA.

Begin then with Aurelia;
For I had rather periſh by thy hand,
Than live to ſhare thy guilt.

CATILINE.

O let the tye
That binds us—

CETHEGUS.

Drive not thus to deſperation
A huſband and a friend, who truſts his all
To thee: thou'rt enter'd in the paths of glory,
And to retreat were fatal.

AURELIA.

Miſery
And ſure deſtruction were Aurelia's fate:

From

From that unhappy moment, when by thee
And thy vile counſels led, I gave my hand
To Catiline; deſpis'd, neglected, long
Have I beheld, with eyes of deteſtation,
Your horrid plots: ſpite of myſelf you made me
A vile accomplice; but you know I lov'd,
And baſely have impos'd upon my weakneſs:
I bluſh to think how groſly you abus'd
A woman's fond credulity; but know,
I'll no longer be guilty of a crime
Which I abhor; no longer ſerve a tyrant:
No, I renounce my vows, my faith to thee;
Theſe hands ſhall riſe againſt thee, thou vile traitor:
Henceforth I am thy foe. Strike, Cat'line, ſtrike;
Deſtroy me; carry into burning Rome,
For thy firſt victim, an expiring wife
Slain by thy hand; deſtroy the hapleſs infant,
Sad pledge of our deteſted nuptials: then,
Barbarian as thou art, complete thy guilt,
And in the blood of millions glut thy vengeance.

CATILINE.

And is the gentle kind Aurelia then
Amongſt my foes? thus in the nobleſt war,
That e'er was wag'd for freedom and for empire,
When Pompey, Cæſar, Cato, are ſubdu'd,

My worſt of enemies at laſt are found
In my own houſe; I am deſerted there
For an unworthy father: threaten'd too.

AURELIA.

I threaten guilt, and tremble for—a huſband:
Ev'n in my rage thou ſeeſt my tenderneſs;
Abuſe it not, it is my only weakneſs:
But I wou'd have thee fear—

CATILINE.

That word, Aurelia,
Was never made for Catiline—but hear me:
I love thee; yet preſume not on thy pow'r,
Nor think I e'er will ſacrifice my friends,
My noble cauſe, my intereſt, and my fame,
Glory and empire: no, it is enough
If I forgive and pity thee; but know—

AURELIA.

The crown thy pride looks up to, I deſpiſe:
I ſhou'd behold it as the ſhameful mark
Of infamy: thou ſhew'ſt thy love for me
By pity and forgiveneſs; and I mine,
By holding back, if poſſible, thy hand
From guilt and error—therefore will I go—

SCENE

SCENE III.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS, LENTULUS-SURA, AURELIA, &c.

LENTULUS-SURA.

We are diſcover'd, loſt, undone; our friends
Betray'd, our plots unravell'd all; Prænesſte
Not yielded to us; Nonnius is in Rome;
One of our ſpies is ſeiz'd, and has confeſs'd;
Nonnius in open ſenate will accuſe
His ſon-in-law: he's gone to Cicero,
Who knows too much already.

AURELIA.

Now behold
The fruits of guilt, and all thy great deſigns,
Thy boaſted fortunes, empire, and the throne,
Which I deſpis'd: are thy eyes open'd yet?

CATILINE. [After a long pauſe.

This is a blow I thought not of; but ſay,
Wilt thou betray me?

AURELIA.

'Tis what thou deſerv'ſt;
My country claims, and heav'n demands it of me;
But I'll do more, I'll ſave both Rome and thee;

And tho' I have not all thy rage, may boaſt
Some of thy courage; love will make me brave.
Long ſince I ſaw thy danger, Catiline:
'Tis come, and now I will partake it with thee;
I'll ſee my father, and obtain thy life,
Or loſe my own; I know he is forgiving,
Gentle, and mild: I know he loves Aurelia,
And will not urge too far a foe like thee,
Deſp'rate and brave: I'll talk to Cicero
Who fears, and to the ſenate who adores thee;
They will be glad to think thee innocent;
Thoſe whom we fear we readily forgive:
But let ſincereſt penitence atone
For thy paſt crimes: convicted guilt by that,
And that alone, can hope for pardon. Tho'
I know it hurts thy pride, it muſt be done:
At leaſt I hope I ſhall procure thee time,
Or to quit Rome, or to defend thyſelf:
I'll not reproach thee; even when moſt guilty
I lov'd, and in misfortune will not leave thee;
But rather die to ſave thy life and glory.
Farewell; let Cat'line learn henceforth to truſt me;
I have deſerv'd it.

CATILINE.

Sad alternative;
It is moſt dreadful—but I yield to thee:
Remember

Remember that a huſband's plea is ſtronger,
Much ſtronger than a father's: if I err,
The crime is thine.

AURELIA.

I'll take it all upon me;
Nay, ev'n thy hatred, if it muſt be ſo:
I act for thee, and I'm ſatisfy'd.
Daughter, and wife, and Roman, ev'ry duty
Shall be perform'd; remember thine, and keep
Thy heart as pure and ſpotleſs as Aurelia's.

SCENE IV.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS, LENTULUS-SURA, Freed-men.

SURA.

Is this the bold and fearleſs Catiline,
Or Nonnius' timid ſon; a woman's ſlave;
Appall'd by phantoms? how thy great ſoul ſhrunk
Soon as Aurelia ſpoke!

CETHEGUS.

It cannot be;
Cat'line will never change; his noble ſoul
By oppoſition grows but more reſolv'd:

Prænesté loſt, the ſenate our accuſers,
We may be conqu'rors ſtill, and make 'em tremble
Whilſt they condemn us; we have noble friends,
And will deſerve them.

SURA.

Ere the ſignal's giv'n
We may be ſeiz'd; thou know'ſt at dead of night,
Juſt as the ſenate part, we had agreed
To execute our purpoſe: what, my friends,
Muſt be reſolv'd on?

CETHEGUS. [To Catiline.

Cat'line, thou art ſilent,
And trembleſt too.

CATILINE.

I tremble at the blow
Which I ſhall ſtrike; my fate demands it of me.

SURA.

I've no dependance on Aurelia: all
That we can hope for is, to ſell our lives
As dearly as we can.

CATILINE.

I count the moments,
And weigh each circumſtance; Aurelia's tears
And flatt'ry will a while ſuſpend our fate;

Cic'ro

Cic'ro on other buſineſs is detain'd,
And all is ſafe; let me have arms and men,
No matter who they are, or ſlaves or free,
Aſſaſſins, robbers, if they will but fight,
Well have 'em: thou, brave Septimus, and thou,
My deareſt Martian, whoſe approved zeal
I ſhall depend on, muſt obſerve Aurelia,
And Nonnius; when they're parted, talk to him
About his daughter; tell him of her danger,
Draw him by artful means to the dark path
That leads to th' Tibur, ſeize the lucky moment,
And hurl him— ha! who's this?

SCENE V.

CICERO, CATILINE, CETHEGUS, &c.

CICERO.

Audacious traitor,
Where art thou going? ſpeak, Cethegus, who
Aſſembled you?

CATILINE.

We'll tell thee in the ſenate.

CETHEGUS.

There we ſhall ſee if thou art authoris'd
Thus to purſue us.

SURA.

Or what right
The ſon of Tullius has to queſtion us.

CICERO.

At leaſt I have a right to aſk of theſe,
Who brought 'em here: theſe are not like yourſelves,
Of ſenatorial rank; away with them
To priſon.

CATILINE.

Dar'ſt thou thus on mere ſuſpicion
Confine a Roman; where's our liberty?

CICERO.

They 're of thy council, that's ſufficient cauſe;
Tremble thyſelf; lictors, obey.

[The lictors carry off Septimus and Martian.

CATILINE.

'Tis well:
Go on, proud conſul, and abuſe thy pow'r,
The time will come when thou ſhalt anſwer for it.

CICERO.

Inſtant I will examine them, hereafter
Thus may I treat their maſters; Nonnius knows
All thy deſigns, Præneſte's mine, and Rome
Prepar'd for her defence; we ſoon ſhall ſee
Which moſt prevails, or Cat'line's artifice

Or Cic'ro's vigilance. I do not preach
Repentance and forgiveneſs to thee; no,
I talk of puniſhment, thou may'ſt expect it:
Come to the ſenate, follow if thou dar'ſt.

SCENE VI.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS, LENTULUS-SURA.

CETHEGUS.

Muſt we at laſt then bend to Cicero,
And own his hated pow'r?

CATILINE.

To the laſt hour
I will defy him: ſtill his curious ſoul
Pries into all, but can diſcover nothing:
Our friends will only lead him more aſtray,
By holding out falſe lights that will miſguide
His wand'ring footſteps: in that fatal ſcroll
Cæſar's accus'd; the ſenate is divided,
And Manlius with his army's at the gate:
You think that all is loſt, but follow me,
And mark th' event; we ſhall be conqu'rors ſtill.

SURA.

Nonnius, I fear, will make it all too plain.

CATI-

CATILINE.

But he and Cicero ſhall never meet;
Depend on that: away, addreſs the ſenate
With confidence, and leave the reſt to me:
But whither am I going?

CETHEGUS.

Ha?

CATILINE.

Aurelia!
O gods! what ſhall I do with that proud heart?
Remove her from me: if I ſee my wife,
Bold as I am, I ſhall relapſe: away.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Scene repreſents the place prepared for the reception of the Senate, with part of the gallery leading from Aurelia's palace to the temple of Tellus; a double row of benches in a circular form, with a ſeat for Cicero rais'd up in the middle of it.

CETHEGUS, LENTULUS-SURA.

SURA.

Theſe rev'rend fathers are exceeding ſlow;
I thought eer this they wou'd have met; perhaps
Uncertain yet, and trembling for their fate,
They know not how to act.

CETHEGUS.

The oracle
Of Rome, for ſo he deems himſelf, engag'd
In a continu'd round of toil, is buſy'd
In queſtioning his pris'ner Septimus,
Who will perplex him more; 'tis that retards
Their meeting.

SURA.

Wou'd to heav'n that we already
Had ta'en up arms! I own I dread the ſenate,
That rev'rence and attachment to the ſtate,
That ſacred name of country, which awakes

The

The ſenſe of honour in each patriot breaſt;
I like it not.

CETHEGUS.

'Tis nothing but a name,
A word without a meaning; in the days
Of our forefathers men reſpected it:
Save a few ſtubborn ſtoics, none retain
The mem'ry of it; Cicero has rais'd
Suſpicions only; Cato's credit's loſt;
Cæſar is for us, what have we to fear?
Defend yourſelves, and Rome will be your own.

SURA.

But what if Cat'line, by an artful wife
Seduc'd, at laſt ſhou'd leave us: we have all
Our weakneſſes, and well thou know'ſt Aurelia
Can lead him as ſhe liſts; he loves, eſteems,
And may be rul'd by her.

CETHEGUS.

His love will yield
To his ambition.

LENTULUS.

Thou beheld'ſt him tremble.
In ſhort, my friend, when tender ties like theſe—

CETHEGUS. [Taking him aſide.

Cato approaches, let us liſten to him.

[Lentulus and Cethegus ſit down at one corner of the Senate-houſe.

SCENE II.

CATO enters to the Senate with LUCULLUS, CRASSUS, FAVONIUS, CLODIUS, MURENA, CÆSAR, CATULLUS, MARCELLUS, &c.

CATO. [Obſerving the two conſpirators.

Lucullus, mark thoſe dang'rous men; behold 'em
In ſecret conf'rence; ſee, the bluſh of guilt
Glows on their cheeks at ſight of me; already
Treaſon with bold and ſhameleſs front ſtalks forth
Amongſt us, and the ſenate ſtill diſſemble
Their knowledge of it; Sylla's dæmon ſure
Hath breath'd its baneful influence o'er the ſouls
Of our blind rulers.

CETHEGUS.

Cato, thy raſh cenſure
May coſt thee dear.

CATO. [Sits down, the other ſenators take their places.

The gods of Rome ſometimes
Permit a traitor's crimes to paſs unpuniſh'd;
They cruſh'd our anceſtors beneath the yoke

Of

Of cruel tyrants; ſhall imperial Rome,
The miſtreſs of the world, again ſubmit
To ſlav'ry? no: the guilt ſhe ſpar'd in Sylla,
In Cat'line and Cethegus ſhe may puniſh.

CÆSAR.

Cato, what mean'ſt thou? thy outrageous virtue
Can ſerve no purpoſe but to make thee foes.

CATO. [To Cæſar.

Cæſar is ſtill the factious leader's friend,
The patron of corruption, and preſerves
A ſoul unmov'd whate'er his country ſuffers.

CÆSAR.

When danger calls, my country will not ſay
I am too calm, therefore complain not, Cato.

CATO.

I muſt complain, muſt weep the fate of Rome,
Deſerted and betray'd; now where is Pompey?
Wou'd he were here to ſave us!

CÆSAR.

Why not call
On Cæſar?

CATO.

Pompey loves his country.

CÆSAR.

CÆSAR.

That
Wou'd I diſpute with him.

SCENE III.

CICERO. [Entering with precipitation, the ſenators riſe.

Why waſte ye thus in idle altercation,
The precious time when Rome is on the brink
Of ruin, whilſt on you ſhe calls for ſuccour,
When the dread ſignal is already giv'n?
Already is this land of freedom ſtain'd
With ſenatorial blood.

LUCULLUS.

O heav'n's!

CATO.

What ſay'ſt thou?

CICERO.

Th' equeſtrian cohort, form'd by my command,
Were poſted where they beſt might quell the foe;
Nonnius, my friend, that generous old man,
Who, 'midſt the crimes of this degen'rate age,
Still uncorrupted, from Prænesté came,
To guide us thro' this labyrinth of treaſon,
And lead our wand'ring ſteps to peace and ſafety,
When

When lo! two bloody ruffians ruſh'd upon him,
And plung'd their daggers in his faithful heart:
He fell: confuſion follow'd, and wild uproar
Amongſt the people: we purſued the traitors,
Spite of the multitude that throng'd around them,
And night's dark ſhade to favour their eſcape:
One I have ſeiz'd, and bound in chains; already
He has confeſs'd that Cat'line ſet him on.

SCENE IV.

CATILINE. [Standing up between Cato and Cæſar, Cethegus next to Cæſar, the Senate ſeated.

Yes, rev'rend fathers, know, the deed was mine;
I ſlew your foe; 'twas Cat'line who reveng'd
His injur'd country, and deſtroy'd a traitor.

CICERO.

Barbarian, thou?
And dar'ſt thou boaſt of it?

CÆSAR.

Remember, fathers, we've no right to puniſh
Before we hear him.

CETHEGUS.

Speak, defend thyſelf,
And triumph o'er the malice of thy foes.

CI-

CICERO.

Romans, where are we?

CATILINE.

Amid'ſt evil days
And evil men, the horrors of foul diſcord
And civil war; amidſt determin'd foes,
Whom I alone muſt conquer; Sylla's ſpirit
Inſpires once more the haughty ſons of Rome:
With grief I ſee expiring liberty,
With grief behold this rev'rend ſenate torn
By diſcord, horrors ſpread on ev'ry ſide,
And Cic'ro pouring in the ſenate's ear
Unjuſt ſuſpicions: Cic'ro talks for Rome,
But I revenge her: I have ſhewn her cauſe
Is dearer far to me than e'er it was
To your proud conſul. Nonnius was the ſoul,
The leader of this foul conſpiracy:
It was a dang'rous criſis; I ſtepp'd forth
And ſav'd you all: thus by a ſoldier fell
The daring Spurius; thus was Gracchus ſlain
By the brave Scipio: who ſhall puniſh me
For acting like a Roman? which of you
Will dare accuſe me?

CICERO.

I, who know thy crime;
I, who can prove it—bring thoſe freed-men here,
Let them be heard. Fathers, behold the man
Who has deſtroy'd a ſenator of Rome:
Will ye permit him thus to ſpeak, to boaſt
Of his foul deed, and call his crime a virtue?

CATILINE.

And will ye, Romans, let this vile accuſer
Thus perſecute your fellow-citizens,
Your beſt, your nobleſt friends? but know from me
What Cic'ro cou'd not tell you, and improve
Th' important ſecret to your beſt advantage:
In his own palace, know, this impious man,
This vile betrayer, Nonnius, had conceal'd
Arms, torches, all the inſtruments of death
Deſign'd for our deſtruction: if Rome lives,
She lives by me, and to this arm you owe
Your ſafety: ſend and ſeize them, and then ſay
What's due to Cat'line from his thankleſs country.

CICERO. [To the lictors.

Go you to the palace, bring with you the daughter
Of Nonnius—ha! thou trembleſt.

CATI-

CATILINE.

I! 'tis falſe:
Know, I deſpiſe this mean this laſt reſource
Of diſappointed malice—fathers, ſay,
Have I not clear'd myſelf? are you convinc'd!

CICERO.

I am, that thou art guilty: can ye think
That good old man was ever capable
Of ſuch deteſted fraud? it was thy art,
Thy cunning, miſcreant, to conceal from me
Thy treach'ry; therefore did'ſt thou chuſe the palace
Of Nonnius to ſecrete thy inſtruments
Of vengeance; there thou woud'ſt have hid thy guilt.
Perhaps thou haſt ſeduc'd his wretched daughter:
Alas! his family is not the firſt
Where thou haſt carry'd ſorrows, crimes, and death;
And now thou would'ſt deſtroy thy country too;
Yet boldly dar'ſt, inſtead of puniſhment,
To call for approbation and reward.
O thou abandon'd traitor, murtherer,
Reviler, hypocrite! ſuch titles ſuit
Thy boaſted ſervices. O you, who once
Stood forth the happy patrons of mankind,
The ſov'reign judges of the world, at length
Will ye ſubmit, to let a tyrant hold

Dominion

Dominion o'er you; will ye ſhut your eyes
And ruſh into the precipice? awake,
Revenge yourſelves, or you partake his guilt:
This day or Rome or Catiline muſt periſh;
Loſe not a moment therefore, but determine:

CÆSAR.

Judgments too quickly made are oft unjuſt:
This is the cauſe of Rome, and therefore merits
Our ſtrict attention: when our equals lag
Beneath the ſtroke of cenſure, we ſhou'd act
With caution, and in them reſpect ourſelves:
Too much ſeverity ſuits none but tyrants.

CATO.

Too much indulgence here ſuits none but traitors.
What! ballance 'twixt a murtherer and Rome!
Is it not Cic'ro ſpeaks, and ſhall we doubt?

CÆSAR.

Theſe are ſuſpicions only; give us proof:
The arms once found, and Nonnius' guilt confirm'd,
Cat'line deſerves our priſe.
[Turning to Catiline.
Thou know'ſt I'll keep
My word with thee in all things.

CICERO.

O my country!
O Rome! O gods! thus ſhall a hero plead
A traitor's cauſe; art thou the ſenate's friend,
And can'ſt be Cat'line's? henceforth Rome has nought
To fear but from her own ungrateful ſons.

CLODIUS.

Rome is in ſafety; Cæſar loves his country,
And we ſhou'd think with him.

CICERO.

It well becomes
A man like Clodius to unite with thoſe
Who plan deſtruction, and delight in ruin:
But whereſoe'er I turn my eyes, they meet
With bold conſpirators, or citizens
Cold and inactive in the cauſe of Rome:
Cat'line, without or fear or danger, drives
The ſtorm upon us; he proſcribes the ſenate;
Already reaps in thought the bloody harveſt;
Marks out his victims, threatens, and commands;
And when I point out the dread conſequence,
Then Cæſar talks of ſenatorial rights,
And Clodius joins him. Cic'ro muſt be dumb:
Cat'line has murder'd Nonnius; he who takes
Another's life ſhou'd loſe his own; no rights,

No laws ſhould plead for him: the firſt great care
Is to defend our country; but, alas!
That country is no more.

SCENE V.

The SENATE, AURELIA.

AURELIA.

Ye great avengers
Of innocence oppreſs'd, my only hope,
And thou, O conſul, virtue's kind protector,
To thee my murder'd father calls for vengeance:
O let me waſh thy feet with tears—aſſiſt,
[She falls at Cicero's feet; he raiſes her up.
Revenge me: tell me, if thou canſt, who ſlew
My father.

CICERO.

There he ſtands. [Pointing to Catiline.

AURELIA.

O gods!

CICERO.

'Twas he
Who did the deed, and boaſts of it.

AURELIA.

Good heav'n!
Can it be Catiline? did I hear aright?

O bloody monſter, did'ſt thou murder him?

[The Lictors ſupport her.

CATILINE. [Turning to Cethegus, and fainting in his arms.

This is a dreadful ſight—ſupport me—this
Is puniſhment enough.

CETHEGUS.

Why droops my friend?
Aurelia calls for vengeance: but if Cat'line
Has ſerv'd his country, what has he to fear?

CATILINE. [Turning to Aurelia.

Aurelia, 'tis too true—my cruel duty—
My country—think me not ſo baſe; Aurelia
Thou know'ſt my love, my tenderneſs—but ties
Of a more ſacred nature, ties—

SCENE VI.

The SENATE, AURELIA, Chief of the Lictors.

Chief of the Lictors.

My Lord,
We've ſeiz'd theſe arms.

CICERO.

At Nonnius's?

Chief Lictor.

His houſe
Was the receptacle of all: our pris'ners
Accuſe him as the chief conſpirator.

AURELIA.

Malice and calumny! the lying ſlaves
Firſt take his life, and then deſtroy his fame:
The wretch whoſe murd'rous hand—

CICERO.

Go on—

AURELIA.

Juſt gods,
For what have ye reſerv'd me?

CICERO.

Speak: let truth
In open day appear: but at the ſight
Of him you tremble; your dejected eyes,
And ſudden ſilence, ſhew how much you dread
The tyrant.

AURELIA.

I have been to blame; Aurelia
Alone is guilty.

CATILINE.

No; thou art not.

AU-

AURELIA.

Hence,
Deteſted monſter, I abhor thy pity,
Diſclaim all converſe, all relation with thee:
Alas! too late, I ſee my guilt; too late
Confeſs my crimes; yes, rev'rend fathers; yes,
Aurelia knew the traitor, and conceal'd him:
I aſk'd for aid, but merit puniſhment;
My weakneſs may be fatal; Rome's in danger;
The world this day may be ſubverted: thou,
Thou traitor, led'ſt me to the dark abyſs
Of infamy; thou mad'ſt my tenderneſs
Subſervient to thy wicked purpoſes.
Curſe on the guilty hour that gave my heart
To Catiline; to thee I have been faithful,
But falſe to heav'n, and to my country; falſe
To my unhappy father: I betray'd,
And I deſtroy'd him.

[Whilſt Aurelia is ſpeaking, Cicero ſeems deeply affected.

Ye avenging gods,
Ye ſacred walls, and thou much injur'd ſpirit
Of my dear father, Romans, Senators,
Behold my huſband, your invet'rate foe.

[Turning to Catiline.

Now, miſcreant, mark, and imitate Aurelia.

[Stabs herſelf.

CATILINE.

O wretched Catiline!

CATO.

O dreadful day!

CICERO. [Riſing

'Tis worthy of this guilty age.

AURELIA.

O conſul!
There was a letter ſent you—murther threatens
On ev'ry ſide—take heed—alas!—I die.

[Aurelia is carried off.

CICERO.

Let her have needful ſuccour: Aufidus
Search for that paper—ſtill are ye in doubt;
Still will ye ſuffer this vile murtherer
To lord it o'er the ſenate; ſhall the deaths
Of Nonnius and Aurelia paſs unpuniſh'd?

CATILINE.

The guilt was thine: thy rancour and fell hatred
Of Cat'line urged him to the deed; ambition
Inſpir'd us both; thy happier fortune ſoar'd
Above me, thou has been the cauſe of all.
I hate thee, Cicero, hate Rome itſelf
For loving thee: long have I ſought thy ruin,
And I will ſeek it ſtill: the wrongs I ſuffer

Shall

Shall be reveng'd on thee; thy blood ſhall pay
For mine: inconſtant Rome, that now adores thee,
Shall one day ſee with joy the mangled limbs
Of her proud conſul ſcatter'd o'er the ſenate:
Remember Cat'line has foretold thy fate;
I haſten to accompliſh it: farewell.

CICERO.

Guards, ſeize the traitor.

CETHEGUS.

Let 'em if they dare.

SURA.

The ſenate is divided: we defy thee.

CATILINE.

The war then is declar'd: friends, follow me,
We muſt to battle: the uncertain ſenate
Will think on't, and determine at their leiſure.

[He goes out with ſome ſenators of his party.

CICERO.

Now, ye illuſtrious conqu'rors of the world,
Which will ye chooſe, or ſlavery or empire:
Where is the freedom, where the Majeſty
Of ancient Rome? where is her luſtre now?
'Tis faded all: awake, my ſlumb'ring country;

Lucullus, Cæſar, and Murena, liſten;
O liſten to the voice of Rome; ſhe calls
Aloud for help, demands ſome gallant leader
To fight for her; equality of rank
Muſt be reſerv'd for happier times, the Gauls
Are here, Camillus muſt be found, we want
A chief, a warrior, a dictator; now
Name the moſt worthy, and I'll follow him.

SCENE VII.

The SENATE, Chief Lictor.

Chief Lictor.

My lord, I found this letter to Aurelia
From Nonnius: all our cares for her were vain.

CICERO. [Reading the letter.

More dangers threat'ning! "Cæſar, who betrays
"us, Would ſeize Præneſte," ha!

[Turning to Cæſar.

Art thou too, Cæſar,
A vile accomplice? this completes our woes;
And wilt thou bend beneath a tyrant?—read it.

CÆSAR.

I have: I am a Roman, ruin comes

Upon.

Upon us, danger is on ev'ry ſide;
'Tis well: I muſt be gone: you have my anſwer.

CATO.

It was a doubtful one: moſt certainly
He is their friend.

CICERO.

Away: let us defend
The ſtate againſt them all. O Senators!
If Nonnius' death, if poor Aurelia's pangs,
If bleeding Rome, if a ſubverted world
Have power to ſtir up your reſentment, riſe,
Fly to the capitol, defend your gods,
Defend your country, puniſh Catiline:
I'll not reproach you; tho' 'twas moſt unkind
To ſpurn at Cic'ro, and embrace a villain.
But to avoid a tyrant, name your chief:
You, who are friends to virtue, ſeparate
From traitors.

[The Senators ſeparate themſelves from Cethegus and Lentulus-Sura.

Now let us unite, my friends,
Never let quarrels, jealouſies, and ſtrife,
Divide us; 'twas by them that Sylla triumph'd.
For me, wherever dangers calls, I go
Intrepid and inflexible: O gods!

Strengthen this arm, and animate this voice:
O grant me ſtill to ſave ungrateful Rome!

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO, with part of the Senate in arms.

CLODIUS. [To Cato.

WHAT! whilſt the ſenate arm'd for its own ſafety
From buſy faction's pow'r can ſcarce preſerve
Theſe ſacred walls; thus ſhall a proud plebeian
Inſult us? ſhall a people, born to freedom,
Be treated like dependent ſlaves? by him,
Shall Rome's beſt friends, the conqu'rors of the world,
Be put in chains? becauſe he is a conſul,
Shall he condemn his maſters? Cat'line's ſelf
Were leſs deſpotic, and leſs dangerous:
With you I feel my country's wretchedneſs,

And

And weep her fate; but cannot, will not, ſee
The ſenate thus diſgrac'd.

CATO.

Diſgrace attends
On thoſe alone who merit it—but know,
The blood of nobles, your patrician friends,
Debas'd by guilt, ſhould rank below the meaneſt;
Thoſe who betray'd us, are condemn'd to death:
Cic'ro condemn'd them; he who ſav'd your country,
The glorious conſul, whom ye dare accuſe,
Becauſe he lov'd you but too well: yet fear
And tremble all, ungrateful as ye are
To join with traitors, for an equal fate
Shall ſoon o'erwhelm you: Cat'line's at our gates.
What Cæſar hath determin'd yet we know not;
Whether he means to ſave, or to deſtroy
His country: Cic'ro bravely acts alone,
And hazards all for Rome, whilſt you deſpiſe
Your beſt of friends, and treat him as a foe.

CLODIUS.

Cato has more ſeverity than courage,
And ever rig'rous, hates not guilt ſo much
As he loves puniſhment; reproach us not,
Nor act the cenſor when we want a friend.

Whilſt the deſtructive flames of war ſurround,
'Tis not a conſul's edict can defend us.
What can your lictor and his faſces do,
Againſt a band of fierce conſpirators?
You talk of dangers, and of Cæſar's pow'r:
Who does not know that Cæſar is the friend
Of Cat'line? you have pointed out the ills
That threaten Rome; it were a nobler taſk
To ſhew us how we may remove 'em.

CATO.

Yes;
And ſo I will: I wou'd adviſe the ſenate
To be aware of Cæſar, and of—thee;
Nay, more—but ſee our father comes.

SCENE II.

CICERO, CATO, part of the Senate.

CATO. [To Cicero.

Behold
Great Cicero, the ſons of thankleſs Rome:
Approach and ſave us; envy's ſelf ſhall ſoon
Fall at thy feet, in humble admiration
Of ſuch tranſcendent virtue.

CI-

CICERO.

Friends and Romans,
The love of glory is my ruling paſſion,
Fame is the fair reward of human toil,
And I would wiſh to merit it from you:
I have done little yet, perhaps hereafter
I may do more to ſerve my country: Rome
Was full of open and of ſecret foes;
Patricians and plebeians, citizens
And ſoldiers, all in wild confuſion, ſeem'd
To thirſt for blood: I ſaw the gath'ring ſtorm
That threaten'd univerſal ruin; ſaw
The bold conſpirators tumultuous riſe
And bear down all before them: at their head
Were Sura and Cethegus; them I ſeiz'd,
And gave to juſtice; but the Hydra faction
Hath many heads which ſtill ſucceſſive riſe,
And mock my labours: Cat'line boldly puſh'd
To the Quirinal gate; by gallant deeds,
Almoſt incredible, he kept the field,
And forc'd a paſſage to his army: Rome
Beheld him with amazement; Antony
In vain oppoſing Sylla's hardy vet'rans,
Was baffled and ſubdued; Petreius ſtrove
To ſuccour him, but with unequal force

And fruitleſs valour: thus on ev'ry ſide,
Surrounded by calamities, great Rome,
The miſtreſs of the world, is on the brink
Of ruin; Cic'ro trembles for her fate.

CRASSUS.

What part hath Cæſar ta'en?

CICERO.

He hath behav'd
As Cæſar muſt, with moſt undaunted courage;
Yet not as Rome cou'd wiſh a zealous friend
Wou'd act in her defence. I ſaw him quell
The rebel foe; yet after that, ſtir up
Seditious ſpirits, and by ev'ry art
Of ſmooth inſinuation, work himſelf
Into the people's hearts. Amidſt this ſcene
Of blood, methought a ſecret joy o'erſpread
His glowing cheek, whilſt his all-ſoothing voice
Courted applauſe, inviting Rome to be
His ſlave hereafter.

CATO.

I was ever fearful
Of Cæſar's pow'r; he is not to be truſted;

SCENE III.

The SENATE, CÆSAR.

CÆSAR.

Well: am I ſtill ſuſpected in the ſenate?
Is Cato's ſtubborn virtue ſtill my foe?
Of what does he accuſe me?

CATO.

As a friend
To Cat'line, the ſworn enemy of Rome;
You have protected him, and leagu'd with thoſe
It better had become you to chaſtiſe.

CÆSAR.

I would not ſtain my laurels with the blood
Of ſuch vile miſcreants: Cæſar fights with none
But warriors.

CATO.

What are theſe conpirators?

CÆSAR.

A daſtard croud, contemptible and vile:
They fled like ſlaves before me; but the ſoldiers
Of Sylla are a formidable band,
And boaſt an able chief; from them indeed

Rome

Rome hath ſome cauſe to fear; Petreius ſinks
Beneath his wounds, and Cat'line marches onward;
Our ſoldiers are alarm'd: what ſays our conſul?
And what has he reſolv'd?

CICERO.

I'll tell thee, Cæſar:
Grant, heav'n, we may ſucceed!—thou haſt deſerv'd
Suſpicion, but I'll give thee the fair means
To clear thy honour, and revenge thy country.
I know thee well, thy virtues and thy frailty;
Know what thou canſt, and what thou dar'ſt not do;
Know Cæſar wou'd command, but not betray;
A noble friend, and a moſt dang'rous foe:
Whilſt I condemn I cannot but eſteem thee.
Away: remember that the eyes of Rome,
And of the world, are on thee: go, ſupport
Petreius, ſave the empire, and deſerve
The love of Cato: we have men, but want
A gen'ral to conduct them; Cæſar beſt
Can lead them, and to him alone we truſt
The ſafety and the glory of mankind.

CÆSAR

Cic'ro on Cæſar ſafely may depend;
Farewell: I go to conquer or to die.

[Exit.

CATO.

CATO.

You've touch'd him in the tend'reſt part; ambition
Will urge him on.

CICERO.

Great ſouls muſt ever thus
Be treated: I have bound him to the ſtate
By this firm confidence; I know his valour
Will now ſupport us: the ambitious ſtill
Shou'd be diſtinguiſh'd from the traitor; I
Shall make him virtuous if he is not ſo
Already: courage, as directed, forms
The mighty hero, or the mighty villain;
And he who is renown'd for guilt alone,
Had glory fir'd his breaſt, to him had ſeen
The incenſe pour'd, to him the temple rais'd
For his exalted merit: Cat'line's ſelf,
By me conducted, had like Scipio ſhone:
Tho' many a Sylla is in Cæſar hid,
Yet doubt I not but Rome ſhall find in him
Her beſt ſupport.

[Turning to the chief of the Lictors, who enters arm'd.

Well: theſe conſpirators,
What have they done?

Chief

Chief Lictor.

My lord, they met the fate
They merited, but other foes riſe up,
Sprung from her blood; like Ætna's flames, that burſt
From the parch'd entrails of the burning mount:
Another Hannibal, but far more dreadful,
Becauſe amongſt the guilty ſons of Rome
He finds his trait'rous friends, is at our gates.
A hundred voices roar for Catiline,
Condemn your laws, and curſe your tardy ſenate;
Demand their ancient rights, and cry aloud
For vengeance on the conſul.

CLODIUS.

Well indeed
They may, while Cic'ro tramples on the laws,
And ſpurns his equals thus; perhaps the ſenate—

CICERO.

Clodius, no more; reſtrain thy envious tongue,
Nor raſhly blame the guiltleſs; my ſhort pow'r
Will ſoon be wreſted from me; whilſt it laſts
It ſhall not be controll'd: you will have time
Enough to vex and perſecute hereafter;
But whilſt the ſtate's in danger, Cic'ro claims

The tribute of reſpect: I know too well
This fickle world to hope for conſtancy
And candor from it; foul ingratitude
Is all that I expect; on falſe ſurmiſes
Great Scipio was accus'd; he thank'd the gods,
And quitted Rome: I too will pay my vows
To gracious heav'n, but will not leave you: no;
My days are all devoted to my country,
And all ſhall be expended in her ſervice.

CATO.

Suppoſe I were to ſhew myſelf in Rome,
Perhaps my preſence might diſperſe the croud,
And be a check on Cæſar, whom I own
I muſt ſuſpect: if fortune frowns upon us——

CICERO.

We cannot do without you in the ſenate;
I've giv'n my orders; Cæſar's in the field;
Thy great example may be uſeful here,
And Rome's expiring glory be reſtor'd
By Cato's virtue—but behold he comes,
And crown'd with victory.

[Runs up to Cæſar and embraces him.

Moſt noble Cæſar
Haſt thou preſerv'd the ſtate?

CÆSAR.

CÆSAR.

I hope ſo: now
The conſul will believe me—brave Petreius
Has gain'd immortal glory: here we fought,
Beneath this ſacred rampart, in the fight
Of our domeſtic gods, that fir'd each ſoul
With nobler rage: Metellus, and Murena,
With the brave Scipio's ſhew'd in Rome's defence
The ſame exalted courage that ſubdued
Aſia and Carthage; they have merited
Moſt noble of their country: touching Cæſar
Let others ſpeak. The deſperate remains
Of Sylla's army ſeem'd to brave their fate,
And in the agonies of death breath'd forth
Their curſes on us: mid'ſt the general ſlaughter,
The fiery Cat'line long undaunted ſtood,
Fought thro' a hoſt of circling foes, till ſpent
With ceaſeleſs toil, and cover'd o'er with wounds,
Bravely he fell: I muſt admire the ſoldier,
Tho' I deteſt the rebel: once I lov'd him,
I own it; but let Cic'ro judge, if e'er
To friendſhip Cæſar ſacrific'd his honour.

CICERO.

Cæſar is all that Cic'ro cou'd deſire,
All that he wiſh'd, and all he hoped to find him:
Go on, brave youth, preſerve thy noble ſpirit,
And be thy country's friend; may heav'n protect
And guard thee: never may thy gen'rous ſoul
Be ſtain'd with vice, nor falſe ambition urge
Thy ſpotleſs youth to quit the paths of virtue!

END OF THE FIFTH AND LAST ACT.

THE

THE
COFFEE-HOUSE:
OR,
THE SCOTCH-WOMAN.
A
COMEDY.

By Mr. HUME.

Repreſented at PARIS in 1760.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

From the TRANSLATOR of

THE SCOTCH WOMAN

TO

COUNT L'AURAGAIS.

SIR,

THE little trifle which I have the honour to put under your protection, is nothing more than an excuſe for talking to you with freedom. You have conferred an eternal obligation on the fine arts and true taſte, by generouſly contributing every thing in your power towards a theatre at *Paris*, more worthy of that illuſtrious city than any ſhe has hitherto ſeen.

If we no longer ſee *Cæſar* and *Ptolemy*, *Athaliah* and *Jehoida*, *Merope* and her ſon, crouded upon the ſtage, and ſurrounded by a ſet of wild and licentious young fellows; if our repreſentations have infinitely more decency than ever they had before, it is to you we are indebted for this reformation: the

ſavour done to us is ſtill more conſiderable, as by our excellency in tragedy and comedy we are diſtinguiſhed above all nations: however, with regard to other things, we may be rivalled, or even excelled. We have ſome good philoſophers amongſt us, but muſt fairly acklowledge that we are but the followers of *Newton*, *Locke*, and *Galileo*. If *France* can boaſt of ſome hiſtorians, yet the *Spaniards*, the *Italians*, nay and even the *Engliſh*, may in this reſpect diſpute the pre-eminence with us. *Maſſillon* alone paſſes with our men of taſte here for a tolerably good orator; but how far beneath archbiſhop *Tillotſon* is he in the eyes of all *Europe* beſide! I do not pretend to decide the merit of men of genius, nor is my hand ſtrong enough to hold the ballance between them; I only tell you what other people think, and you, ſir, who have travelled, muſt know that every people has its favourite authors, whom it always prefers to thoſe of other nations.

If you deſcend from works of wit to thoſe where the hand is principally concerned, what painter have we comparable to the great *Italian* maſters? it is only indeed in the *Sophoclean* art that we are allowed by all the world to excel; and this, no doubt, is the reaſon why, in many parts of *Italy*, they often play our pieces, either in our language

or

or their own, and that *French* theatres are found at *Peterſbourg* and *Vienna*.

All that could be found fault with in our ſtage was the want of action and ſcenery: our tragedies were often nothing but long converſations in five acts. How could we hazard thoſe pompous ſpectacles, thoſe ſtriking pictures, thoſe grand and terrible actions, which, well conducted, have the fineſt effect; how were we to bring the bleeding body of *Cæſar* on the ſtage; how could we make a deſperate * queen go down into her huſband's tomb, and come out of it again dying by the hand of her ſon? was it poſſible to do this in the midſt of a croud that hid from the view of the ſpectators, mother, ſon, tomb and all, and took away all the terror of the ſcene by a contraſt truly ridiculous?

From theſe glaring abſurdities you, ſir, have in a great meaſure ſet us free; and when any writers of genius ſhall riſe up capable of uniting the pomp of ſcenery, and the lively repreſentation of an action, at the ſame time both probable and affecting, to ſtrong thoughts, and that fine and natural poetry which conſtitutes the true merit of the drama; to you, ſir, whenever that ſhall happen, will be due the thanks of our poſterity.

* See the laſt act of *Semiramis*.

But we muſt not leave the care of this to poſterity, but have the courage to tell our own age what uſeful and noble works our cotemporaries are able to produce: the juſt praiſe of merit is a perfume reſerved only to embalm the dead. Let a man do any thing ever ſo well, whilſt he lives nobody makes mention of it; or if they do, his merit is always extenuated, or detracted from: and the moment he is dead, that merit is as much exaggerated, on purpoſe to leſſen the reputation of thoſe who are ſtill living.

I would at leaſt have all who read this little work know, that there is in *Paris* more than one worthy and unfortunate man whom you have relieved; and that whilſt you ſpend your leiſure hours in the laborious and painful revival of an uſeful art loſt in *Aſia*, where it was invented, you have revived alſo a ſecret yet more rare, that of aſſiſting indigent virtue by concealed charity and beneficence.

I am not ignorant that there is at *Paris*, and in what is called the polite world, a ſet of men, who would ridicule thoſe good actions which they are not capable of performing; and it is my knowledge of them, ſir, which doubles my reſpect for you.

P. S.

P. S. There is no occaſion for ſigning my name to this letter, as I have never put it at the bottom of any of my works; and when the world ſees it at the head of any book, or in any play-houſe bill, let them place it to the account of the bill-ſticker or the bookſeller.

TO THE

GENTLEMEN of PARIS.

GENTLEMEN,

I Am obliged by the illuſtrious Mr. *F*— to expoſe myſelf to you FACE TO FACE: I ſhall talk to you RESPECTFULLY and SENTIMENTALLY; my complaint ſhall be marked with decorum, and enlightened by the TORCH of truth. I hope Mr. *F*— will be confounded when he comes face to face before thoſe honeſt gentlemen who are not uſed to favour the male practices of thoſe, who, not being ſentimental, make a trade of inſulting, TIERCE & QUART, without any provocation, as *Cicero* ſays in his oration pro MURENA, page 4.

My name, gentlemen, is *Jerom Carré*, and I am a native of *Montauban*, a poor man, without any friends or fortune; and as I have changed my mind about going to *Mantauban* becauſe Mr. *L. F*——, of *P*——, perſecutes me there, I am come to implore the protection of the *Pariſians*. I have tranſlated the comedy of the SCOTCH-WOMAN from Mr. *Hume*. The comedians, both *French* and *Italian*, would have repreſented it, and it might have been played perhaps five or ſix times, but Mr. *F*—

F—— freely employs all his intereſt and authority to prevent my tranſlation from appearing: he who, whilſt he was a jeſuit, encouraged young men ſo much, is now their enemy: he has wrote a whole paper againſt me, and begins by maliciouſly giving it out, that my tranſlation comes from *Geneva*, on purpoſe to make me SUSPECTED for a heretic. Moreover, he calls MR. HUME MR. HOME; and afterwards ſays, that Mr. *Hume* the clergyman, author of this piece, is no relation of Mr. *Hume* the philoſopher. Let him only conſult the *Journal Encyclopedique* of the month of *April*, 1758, which I look upon to be the beſt of a hundred and ſixty-three journals that appear in *Europe* every month; there he will meet with this piece of intelligence, page 137.

The author of Douglas is one Hume, a clergyman, a relation of the famous David Hume, ſo well known for his impiety.

I cannot poſſibly tell whether Mr. *David Hume* is IMPIOUS or not; if he is, I am ſorry for it, and ſhall pray to God for him as I ought: it follows however, that Mr. *Hume*, the clergyman, the relation of *David Hume*, is author of the *Scotch-woman*, which is all we wanted to prove: I muſt

own to my ſhame, that I did believe him to be his brother; but be he brother or couſin, certain it is, that he is the author of the *Scotch-woman*. It is true indeed, that in the Journal above-cited, the *Scotch-woman* is not expreſsly named; mention is only made of *Agis* and *Douglas*, but that is a trifle; ſo undoubtedly is he the author of the *Scotch-woman*, that I have by me ſeveral of his letters, wherein he thanks me for having tranſlated it, one of which I ſhall ſubmit to the charitable reader.

"My dear tranſlator,

"You have committed many blunders in your "performance, you have quite ſpoiled the character "of WASP, and ſtruck out his puniſhment at the "end of the piece, &c."

It is true that I have ſoftened a little the features of WASP, but it was by advice of ſome of the beſt judges in *Paris:* the *French* politeneſs will not admit of ſome phraſes which *Engliſh* freedom makes no ſcruple of adopting: if I am to blame, it is from exceſs of delicacy; and I hope the gentlemen of *Paris*, whoſe protection I implore, will pardon the faults of my piece, in conſideration of my extreme unwillingneſs to offend them.

Mr. *Hume* ſeems to have written his comedy ſolely

ſolely to introduce *Waſp*; whereas I have retrenched as much as I poſſibly could of his character, as I have likewiſe part of lady *Alton's*, that I might depart leſs from your manners, and convince you at the ſame time of my great reſpect for the ladies. Mr. *F*——, with a view of prejudicing me, ſays, in his paper, p. 114, that he is himſelf frequently called *Waſp*, and that many perſons of merit have frequently given him that name? But pray, gentlemen, what has this to do with the *Engliſh* character in Mr. *Hume's* play? you ſee he only wants a pretext to deprive me of that protection which I am here intreating you to honour me with: but pray, gentlemen, obſerve how far his malice carries him: he ſays, p. 115, that a report did for a long time prevail, that he had been condemned to the gallies, but affirms, that the ſentence did never take place; but really, gentlemen, whether he ever was ſent to the gallies, or may be hereafter, what has this to do with a tranſlation from an *Engliſh* comedy? He talks of the reaſons, which he ſays might have brought this misfortune upon him: I ſhall not enter into his reaſons; whether they be good or not, can give Mr. *Hume* no concern: whether he goes to the gallies or not, I am equally the tranſla-

tor of the *Scotch-woman*. I beg, gentlemen, your protection againſt him, and that you will receive this little piece with that indulgence which you always grant to ſtrangers. I have the honour to be, with the profoundeſt reſpect,

Gentlemen,

your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

JEROM CARRE.

native of *Montauban*, living near the IMPASSE of St. *Thomas*. I call IMPASSE, gentlemen, what you term CU DE SAC, as a ſtreet, I apprehend, can ſignify neither an a—e nor a ſack; therefore beg you will make uſe of the word IMPASSE, which is noble, ſonorous, intelligible, and abſolutely neceſſary, inſtead of CU, and in ſpite of ſir *F*—, heretofore *T*—

A D-

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS letter from Mr. *Jerom Carré* had its desired effect. The piece was represented the beginning of *August*, 1760: they began late, and somebody asking why they staid so long, perhaps, replied aloud, a man of wit, Mr. *F*—— is gone up to the *Hotel-de-Ville*. As this Mr. *F*—— was weak enough to fancy himself pointed at in the comedy of the *Scotch-woman*, though Mr. *Hume* had never seen him in his life, the audience were kind enough to be of the same opinion. The comedy was got by heart, by half the town, before ever it was played; and, notwithstanding, was received with prodigious applause. *F*—— was weak enough to assert, in a certain paper, called L'ANNEE LITERAIRE, that the *Scotch-woman*'s success was owing to a cabal of twelve or fifteen hundred persons, who had a sovereign hatred and contempt for him; but Mr. *Jerom Carré* was far from making any such cabals: all *Paris* knows he is incapable of doing it; besides, that he had never set eyes on *F*——, and could not conceive the reason why all the spectators seemed to find him out in the character of WASP. A famous lawyer, at

the ſecond repreſentation, cried out, Courage, Mr. *Carré*, revenge the public. The pit and boxes applauded this ſpeech by repeated claps. *Carré*, on quitting the theatre, was embraced by above an hundred perſons. How much we are obliged to you, ſaid they, Mr. *Carré*, for doing juſtice on this man, whoſe manners are even more deteſtable than his works: O gentlemen, replied *Carré*, you do me more honour than I deſerve; I am nothing more than the poor tranſlator of a comedy that is full of intereſting ſcenes and good morality.

As he was talking thus upon the ſtairs, he was ſaluted with two kiſſes by the w— of *F*—: how much I am obliged to you, ſaid ſhe, for thus puniſhing my h———, but you will never make him better. The innocent *Carré* was quite confounded; he could not conceive how an *Engliſh* character ſhould be taken for a *Frenchman*, named *F*——, and that all *France* ſhould thus compliment him on ſo good a likeneſs. The young man learned by this adventure, how much caution is neceſſary in the world; and found out at the ſame time, that whenever one draws a good portrait of a ridiculous fellow, there will be always ſome one found out that muſt reſemble him.

The

The part of WASP in the play was very inconſiderable, and contributed but little to its real merit or ſucceſs; for in ſeveral of the provinces it received as much applauſe as at *Paris*. It may, perhaps, here be anſwered, that this WASP was as much eſteemed in the provinces as in the capital; but it is more probable, that the ſucceſs of Mr. *Hume*'s piece was owing to the lively and intereſting ſituations to be found in it. Deſcribe a coxcomb, and you may only ſucceed with a few perſons; make your play intereſting, and you will pleaſe all the world.

Be that as it may, we will lay before our readers the tranſlation of a letter from * Lord BOLDTHINKER, to the ſuppoſed HUME, on his piece, called the *Scotch-woman*.

"I believe, my dear HUME, you have yet "ſome talents which you are accountable for to "your country: it is not enough to have ſacrifi-"ced this vile *Waſp* to public deriſion, on all the "ſtages in Europe, where your amiable and virtu-"ous *Scotch-woman* appears: do more, I beſeech you, "expoſe on the ſtage all thoſe baſe perſecutors of li-

* Lord Bolingbroke.

terature,

" terature, all those hypocrites, who, blackened with
" every vice themselves, calumniate every virtue
" in others; bring before the public tribunal, those
" enraged fanatics who spit their venom on inno-
" cence; those false slaves who fawn on you with
" one eye, and threaten you with the other; who
" are afraid to open their mouths before a philo-
" sopher, and endeavour secretly to ruin him; ex-
" pose in open day, those detestable cabals that
" would bury mankind once more in darkness and
" ignorance. You have already kept silence too
" long; nothing is gained by trying to soften the
" obstinate and perverse. There is no other means
" to render letters respectable, but by making
" those tremble who injure them. *Pope* had re-
" course to this before he died: in his *Dunciad* he
" branded all those with everlasting ridicule who
" had deserved it; they disappeared immediately,
" and rose up no more: the whole nation ap-
" plauded him. If the malevolence and ill-nature
" of the world did at first give some degree of re-
" putation to the enemies of *Pope* and *Swift*, rea-
" son soon recovered her rights. Our Zoilus's
" are seldom supported for any long time. Satire
" is a weapon which we ought to make use if in
" vindication of human nature: it is not only the

" Pan-

" Pantolabi and Nomentani, but the Anitus's and
" Melitus's of the age, whom we ought to ſcourge.
" Good verſe may tranſmit to poſterity the glory
" of worthy men, and the infamy of bad ones.
" Go on in your labours, you will never want
" proper ſubjects," &c.

PRE-

PREFACE.

THE comedy, a tranſlation of which we have here ſubmitted to the lovers of literature, was written by Mr. *Hume*, paſtor of the church of *Edinburgh*, already well known by his two fine tragedies played at *London*; a relation and friend of the celebrated philoſopher Mr. *Hume*, who has with ſo much boldneſs and ſagacity ſounded the depths of metaphyſics and morality. Theſe two philoſophers do equal honour to *Scotland*, their native country.

The comedy, entitled the *Scotch-woman*, ſeems to be one of thoſe performances which muſt ſucceed in every language, as it is a lively portrait of nature, who is every where the ſame: the author has all the ſimplicity and truth of the valuable GOLDONI, joined, perhaps, to more intrigue, plots, and ſpirit. The cataſtrophe, the character of the heroine, and that of FREEPORT, are different from any thing that has ever been exhibited on the *French* ſtage, and yet is all pure nature. This piece ſeems written in the taſte of thoſe *Engliſh* romances, which have of late years been ſo well received: there is the ſame fine picture of the manners,

manners, and ſome lively touches ſtrongly reſembling them; nothing ſtiff or laboured; no affectation of wit, or contemptible deſire of ſhewing the author, inſtead of his characters; nothing foreign to the ſubject; no parade of learning, or trivial maxims to fill up the vacancy of the ſcene: common juſtice obliged us to ſay thus much of the celebrated author. We muſt, at the ſame time, confeſs, that we thought ourſelves, by the advice of ſome excellent critics, under a neceſſity of retrenching ſomething from the part of *Waſp* in the laſt act: he was puniſhed, as it was very proper he ſhould be, at the concluſion of the piece; but this poetical juſtice ſeemed to throw in a degree of coldneſs that hurt the lively and intereſting cataſtrophe.

The character of *Waſp* is withal ſo baſe and deteſtable, that we were willing to ſpare our readers the too frequent view of a thing rather diſguſtful than comic: we own, indeed, that it is in nature; for in all great cities, where the freedom of the preſs ſubſiſts, we always find ſome of theſe wretches who get a livelihood by their impudence; theſe ſubaltern *Aretines*, who get their bread by doing and ſpeaking evil, under the pretext of ſerving the cauſe

cauſe literature; as if the worms that gnaw the fruits and flowers, could ever be uſeful to them.

One of thoſe illuſtrious litterati, or to expreſs ourſelves more properly, one of thoſe two men of genius, who preſided over the *Dictionaire Encyclopedique*, that work ſo neceſſary to mankind, the ſuſpenſion of which has put all *Europe* into a panic, one of theſe fine great men, in ſome eſſays compoſed by him for his amuſement on the art of comedy, has moſt judiciouſly remarked, that we ſhould bring on the ſtage the ſeveral ſtates and conditions of men. The employment of Mr. *Hume's Waſp*, is in *England* a kind of buſineſs; there is even a tax raiſed on the papers written by theſe gentlemen. Neither the buſineſs, nor the character, ſeem worthy of the *French* ſtage; but the *Engliſh* pen contemns nothing, but often takes pleaſure in repreſenting objects, whoſe meanneſs would offend other nations. The *Engliſh* never mind whether the ſubject be low or not, provided it be true; they tell us, that comedy has a right to handle all characters, and all conditions; that every thing which is in nature ought to be painted; that we have a falſe delicacy, and that the moſt contemptible character may ſerve as a contraſt for the beſt and moſt amiable.

I muſt

I muſt here add, in juſtification of Mr *Hume*, that he has had art enough not to bring on his *Waſp*; but in thoſe parts where the ſtory is not intereſting, he has imitated thoſe painters who give us a toad, a lizard, or a ſnake, in one corner of the picture, ſtill preſerving the dignity of the principal figures.

What ſtrikes us moſt remarkably in this piece, is, that the unities of time, place, and action, are ſcrupulouſly obſerved. It has withal a merit very ſeldom found in *Engliſh* or *Italian* plays, that the ſtage is never empty. Nothing is more common, or more diſagreeable, than to ſee two actors go off, and two others come on in their places, without being called or expected. This intolerable fault is not to be found in the *Scotch-woman*.

With regard to the nature of this piece, it is, properly ſpeaking, high comedy, with a mixture of the ſimple. The man of true taſte and delicacy prefers the ſmile of the ſoul to vulgar laughter. There are ſome parts of it ſo tender, as even to draw tears, though without a ſtudied affectation of the pathetic in any of the characters; for in like manner, as true pleaſantry conſiſts in not endeavouring to be pleaſant, ſo he who moves us never labours to do it: he is no rhetorician, every thing

thing comes from the heart. Wo be to him in any kind of writing, who is over fond of pleaſing! We are not certain whether this piece could poſſibly be repreſented at *Paris*; our condition and manner of life, which prevents our going often to public ſpectacles, make it impoſſible for us to judge what effect an *Engliſh* performance would have in *France:* we ſhall only ſay, that, in ſpite of all our endeavours to do juſtice to the original, we are far from coming up to the merit of Mr. *Hume*'s expreſſions, which are always ſtrong and natural: but the principal beauty of this comedy is the excellency of its moral, ſuitable to the gravity of the author's function, at the ſame time that it has all thoſe lively graces, which are ſo agreeable to the polite world.

Comedy thus written is certainly one of the nobleſt efforts of the human ſoul: we muſt acknowledge it is an art, and a very difficult one: any body may compile facts; it is eaſy to learn trigonometry; but every art requires genius, and genius is extremely rare and uncommon.

We cannot finiſh this preface better than by an extract from our countryman *Montagne* on ſpectacles:

"I have

" have played the principal parts in the *Latin* tragedies of *Buchanan* and *Muretus*, which were extremely well repreſented in our college at *Guienne: Andreas Goveanus*, our principal, was in this, as well as every other reſpect, certainly one of the beſt principals in *France*, and always ſuperintended theſe things. It is an exerciſe which I am far from diſapproving in young perſons of faſhion; even our princes have often practiſed it, in imitation of the ancients, nor has it reflected any diſgrace upon them: men of honour may engage in the profeſſion as they did in *Greece: Ariſtoni tragico actori rem aperit; huic & genus & fortuna honeſta erant: nec ars, quia nihil tale apud Græcos pudori eſt, ea deformabat.* I have always thought them ridiculous who condemned ſuch innocent amuſement; and thoſe very unjuſt, who will not permit comedians to come into our cities. Good policy always endeavours to bring people together, as well for ſports and exerciſes, as for the moſt ſerious acts of devotions; it increaſes friendſhip and ſociety, and it is certainly right, that all paſtimes ſhould be carried on in public, and in the view of the magiſtrates. The prince, I think, ſhould ſometimes gratify the people at his own expence; and it would be very proper, that, in

in populous cities, ſome particular places ſhould be ſet apart for public ſpectacles, which might ſerve to divert the vulgar from worſe employments. To return to my purpoſe: there is nothing like alluring the paſſions and affections, otherwiſe we only make aſſes loaded with books: knowledge, to be agreeable, ſhould not only lodge with, but ſhould be married to us *.

* This preface, with the two epiſtles dedicatory, contain nothing very intelligible or entertaining to an *Engliſh* reader; but as they are inſerted in all the editions of the original, it is thought proper to tranſlate them. One cannot indeed eaſily find out any reaſon, why Mr. *Voltaire* choſe to father this comedy on Mr. *Hume*; or what end it could anſwer to tell ſo many long ſtories about a comedy, which, the reader will ſee, is, after all, but a very indifferent performance.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

* Mr. WILLIAMS, maſter of a Coffee-houſe.
Miſs LINDON, a Scotch-woman.
Lord MONTROSS, a Scotchman.
Lord MURRAY.
POLLY, maid to Miſs Lindon.
FREEPORT, a Merchant of London.
WASP, a Writer.
Lady ALTON.
Several Engliſh Gentlemen frequenting the Coffee-houſe, Servants, Meſſengers, &c.

SCENE, LONDON.

* Amongſt the Engliſh and Scotch names, Mr. V. has inſerted one that ſeems to have no relation to either, and called his coffee-houſe keeper FABRICE. I have taken the liberty to alter it to WILLIAMS.

THE COFFEE-HOUSE:

OR,

THE SCOTCH WOMAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The ſcene repreſents a coffee-houſe, with apartments on the ſame floor on each ſide communicating with it.

WASP. [At one corner of the room reading the papers. Coffee, pen and ink, &c. on the table before him.

A Plague on this vile news! here are places and penſions given to above twenty people, and nothing for me! a preſent of a hundred guineas to a ſubaltern for doing his duty! a great

merit indeed! ſo much to the inventor of a machine to leſſen the number of hands; ſo much to a pilot; ſo much ſettled on men of letters, but nothing for me! here's another penſion, and another—but the deuce a farthing for Waſp [*he throws down the paper and walks about*] and yet I have done the ſtate ſome ſervice; I have wrote more than any one man in England; I have rais'd the price of paper; and yet nothing is done for me; but I will be reveng'd on all thoſe whom the world calls men of merit: I have got ſomething already by ſpeaking ill of others; and if I can but contrive to do them a real miſchief, my fortune is made. I have prais'd fools, and calumniated every good quality and perfection of human nature, and yet can ſcarce live by it: in ſhort, to be a great man, you muſt not be content with ſlander and deſtruction, but endeavour to be really hurtful. [*To the maſter of the coffee-houſe*] Good morrow to you, Mr. Williams. Well, Mr. Williams, every body's affairs, I find, go well but mine; it is intolerable.

WILLIAMS.

Indeed, indeed, Mr. Waſp, you make yourſelf a great many enemies.

WASP.

WASP.

I believe I excite a little envy.

WILLIAMS.

On my ſoul I believe not; but rather a paſſion of a very different kind: to be free, for I have really a friendſhip for you, I am extremely concerned to hear people talk of you as they do: how do you contrive to be ſo univerſally hated?

WASP.

It is becauſe I have merit, Mr. Williams.

WILLIAMS.

That may poſſibly be; but you are the only perſon who ever told me ſo: they ſay you are a very ignorant fellow; but that is nothing; they ſay moreover, that you are ill-natured and malicious; that gives me concern, as it muſt every honeſt man.

WASP.

I aſſure you I have a good and tender heart. I do indeed now and then ſpeak a little freely of the men; but for the women, Mr. Williams, I love 'em all, provided they are handſome. As a proof of it, I muſt abſolutely inſiſt on your introducing

me to your amiable lodger, whom I have never yet been able to converſe with.

WILLIAMS.

Upon honour, Mr. Waſp, that young lady will never do for you; for ſhe never praiſes herſelf, or ſpeaks ill of any body elſe.

WASP.

She ſpeaks ill of nobody, becauſe, I ſuppoſe, ſhe knows nobody: an't you in love with her, Williams?

WILLIAMS.

Not I indeed, ſir; ſhe has ſomething in her air ſo noble, that I dare not think of it—beſides, her virtue—

WASP. [Laughing.

Ha! ha! ha! her virtue indeed?

WILLIAMS.

Why ſo merry, ſir? think you there is no ſuch thing as virtue?—but I hear a coach at the door, and yonder is a livery ſervant with a portmanteau in his hand; ſome lord coming to lodge with me, perhaps.

WASP.

Be ſure, my dear friend, you recommend me to him as ſoon as poſſible.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Lord MONTROSS, WILLIAMS, WASP.

MONTROSS.

You, ſir, I ſuppoſe, are Mr. Williams.

WILLIAMS.

At your ſervice, ſir.

MONTROSS.

I ſhall ſtay here only a few days. (Protect me, heaven, unhappy as I am!) I am recommended to you, ſir, as a worthy honeſt man.

WILLIAMS.

So, ſir, we ought all to be. You will here, ſir, I believe, meet with all the conveniencies of life; a tolerable good apartment, and my own table, if you chuſe to do me the honour to dine at it, and the amuſement of coffee-houſe converſation.

MONTROSS.

Have you many boarders with you at preſent?

WILLIAMS.

Only one young lady, ſir, very handſome and extremely virtuous.

WASP.

O mighty virtuous, ha! ha!

WILLIAMS.

Who lives quite retir'd.

MONTROSS.

Beauty and youth are not for me. Let me have an apartment, ſir, if poſſible, intirely to myſelf. (What do I feel!) Have you any remarkable news in London?

WILLIAMS.

This gentleman, ſir, can inform you: he talks and writes more than any one man in England, and is extremely uſeful to foreigners.

MONTROSS. [Walking about.

I have other buſineſs.

WILLIAMS.

I'll ſtep out, ſir, and get things ready for you.

[Exit

WASP. [Aſide.

This gentleman, I ſuppoſe, is juſt arrived in England: he muſt be ſome great man, for he ſeems to care for nobody. [*Turning to Montroſs.*] Permit me,

me, my lord, to preſent to your lordſhip my reſpects; my pen and ſelf, my lord, are at your lordſhip's ſervice.

MONTROSS.

I am no lord, ſir: to boaſt of a title, if we have one, is the part of a fool; and to aſſume one when we have no right, that of a knave. I am what I am; but pray, ſir, what may be your employment in this houſe?

WASP.

I don't belong to the houſe, ſir; but I ſpend moſt of my time in the coffee-room; write news, politics, and ſo forth, and am always ready to do an honeſt gentleman ſervice. If you have any friend you want to have prais'd, or any enemy to be abus'd; any author you want to protect or to decry; 'tis but one guinea *per* paragraph: if you are deſirous of cultivating any acquaintance for profit or pleaſure, ſir, I am your man.

MONTROSS.

And have you no other buſineſs, friend?

WASP.

O ſir, it is a very good one, I aſſure you.

MOMTROSS.

And have you never been ſhewn in public with a pretty iron collar about your neck?

WASP.

This fellow has no notion of literature.

SCENE III.

WASP (Sitting down to the table) ſeveral people walking about the coffe-houſe; Montroſs comes forward.

MONTROSS.

Will my misfortunes never have an end? proſcrib'd, baniſh'd, condemn'd to loſe my head in Scotland; in my dear native country: I have loſt my honours, my wife, my ſon, my whole family; except one unhappy daughter, like myſelf a miſerable wanderer, perhaps diſhonour'd; and muſt I die without taking revenge on Murray's barbarous family? I am raſed out of the book of life; I am no more; even my name is wreſted from me by that cruel decree: I am but a poor departed ghoſt, that hovers round its tomb.

[One

[One of the Gentlemen in the coffee-houſe ſlapping Waſp on the ſhoulder.

Well! you ſaw the new piece yeſterday, it met with great applauſe; the author is a young fellow of merit, but has no fortune, the public ought to encourage him.

Another.

Rot the new piece! public affairs are ſtrangely carry'd on; ſtocks riſe; the nation's rich, and I'm ruin'd, abſolutely undone.

WASP. [Writing.

The piece is good for nothing; the author's a fool, and ſo are all thoſe that ſupport him: public affairs are in a wretched condition; the nation's ruin'd: I ſhall prove it in my pamphlet.

Another Gentleman.

Your pamphlet's nonſenſe: philoſophy is the moſt dangerous thing in the world; it was that loſt us the iſland of Minorca.

MONTROSS. [At a diſtance from them.

Lord Murray's ſon ſhall pay dearly for it. O that before I die I cou'd revenge the father's injuries in the ſon's blood!

A Gentleman.

I thought the comedy laſt night was an excellent one.

WASP.

Deteſtable: our taſte grows worſe and worſe.

Another Gentleman.

Not ſo bad as your criticiſms.

Another.

Philoſophers ſink the public funds: we muſt ſend another ambaſſador to Port.

WASP.

We ſhou'd always hiſs a ſucceſsful piece, for fear any thing good ſhou'd appear.

[Four of them talk at once.

Firſt Gentleman.

If there was nothing good, you wou'd loſe all the pleaſure of ſatyriſing it: now I think the fifth act has great beauties.

Second Gentleman.

I can't ſell any of my goods.

Third Gentleman.

I am in pain for Jamaica this year: depend on't, theſe philoſophers will make us loſe it.

WASP.

The fourth and fifth acts are both contemptible.

MONTROSS.

What a riot is here!

First Gentleman.

It is impoſſible the government can ſubſiſt as it is.

Second Gentleman.

If the price of Barbadoes water is not lower'd, the nation's undone.

MONTROSS.

How happens it, that in every country when men meet they all talk together, tho' they are certain of not being heard or attended to!

Enter WILLIAMS. [A napkin in his hand.

Dinner's on the table, gentlemen; but pray let us have no diſputes there, if you mean to dine with me any more. Sir, [*turning to Montroſs*] ſhall we have the honour of your company?

MONTROSS.

What, with this tribe? no friend, let me have ſomething in my own room. Hark'ee, ſir, [*whiſpering him*] is my lord Falbridge in London?

WILLIAMS.

No, ſir; but I believe he will be here ſoon.

MONTROSS.

Does he come to your houſe ſometimes? I think I have heard ſo.

WILLIAMS.

He has done me that honour.—

MONTROSS.

Very well. Good morrow to you.—How hateful is life to me! [*Exit.*

WILLIAMS.

This man ſeems loſt in grief and thought; I ſhou'd not be ſurpris'd to hear he had made away with himſelf; 'twoud concern me, for he has the appearance of a worthy gentleman.

[The gentleman leave the coffee-houſe, and go to dinner: Waſp continues at the table, writing: Williams knocks at Miſs Lindon's door.

SCENE IV.

WILLIAMS, POLLY, WASP.

WILLIAMS.

Mrs. Polly, Mrs. Polly.

POLLY.

Who's there, my landlord?

WILLIAMS.

Will you be ſo obliging as to favour us with your company to dinner?

POLLY.

POLLY.

I durſt not, my miſtreſs eats nothing. How indeed ſhou'd we eat! we have too much grief.

WILLIAMS.

O it will give you ſpirits, and make you chearful.

POLLY.

I can't be chearful; when my miſtreſs ſuffers, I muſt ſuffer with her.

WILLIAMS.

Then I'll ſend you up ſomething privately.

[Exit.

WASP. [Riſing from the table.

I'll follow you, Mr. Williams—well, and ſo, my dear Polly, you will not introduce me to your miſtreſs—ſtill inflexible?

POLLY.

'Tis a fine thing for you to pretend to make love to a woman of her condition.

WASP.

Pray what is her condition?

POLLY.

A reſpectable one, I aſſure you, ſir. I ſhou'd think a ſervant was good enough for you.

WASP,

WASP.

That is to ſay, if I were to court you, you wou'd be thankful.

POLLY.

Not I, indeed.

WASP.

And what, pray, is the reaſon why your miſtreſs poſitively refuſes to ſee me, and her waiting-maid treats me ſo contemptuouſly?

POLLY.

We have three reaſons for it. Firſt, you are a wit; ſecondly, you are very tireſome; and thirdly, you are a wicked fellow.

WASP.

And what right has your miſtreſs pray, who is kept here upon charity, to deſpiſe me!

POLLY.

Upon charity? who told you ſo, ſir? my miſtreſs, ſir, is very rich: if ſhe is not expenſive, it is becauſe ſhe hates pomp: ſhe is plainly clad, out of modeſty; and eats little, becauſe temperance is preſcribed to her: in ſhort, ſir, you are very impertinent.

WASP.

Don't let her give herſelf ſo many airs; we know her conduct, her birth, and her adventures.

POLLY.

POLLY.

You, ſir? who told 'em you? what do you know?

WASP.

O I have correſpondents in every part of the world.

POLLY. [Aſide.

O heaven! this man will ruin us.

[Turning to him;

Mr. Waſp, my dear Mr. Waſp, if you know any thing, don't betray us.

WASP.

O ho! there is ſomething then; and now I am dear Mr. Waſp: well, well, I ſhall ſay nothing, but you muſt——

POLLY.

What?

WASP.

You muſt love me.

POLLY.

Fye, fye, ſir, that's impoſſible.

WASP.

Either love or fear me. You know there is ſomething —

POLLY.

There is nothing, ſir, but that my miſtreſs is as reſpectable as you are hateful. We are truly eaſy, we fear nothing, and only laugh at you.

WASP.

WASP.

They are very eaſy; from thence I conclude they are almoſt ſtarv'd: they fear nothing, that is to ſay, they are afraid of being diſcover'd—I ſhall get to the bottom of it by and by, or—I ſhall not. I'll be reveng'd on 'em for their inſolence. Deſpiſe me!

SCENE V.

Miſs LINDON [Coming out of her chamber dreſs'd very plain.

Miſs LINDON, POLLY.

Miſs LINDON.

O my dear Polly, you have been with that vile fellow Waſp; he always makes me uneaſy; a deteſtable character, whoſe pen, words, and actions are all equally abominable: they tell me he works himſelf into families to bring in miſery where there is none, and to increaſe it where it is: I had left this houſe becauſe he frequents it, long ſince, but for the honeſty and good heart of our landlord.

POLLY.

He abſolutely inſiſted on ſeeing you, and I wou'd not let him.

Miſs LINDON.

To ſee me! where is my lord Murray, he has not been here theſe two days!

POLLY.

POLLY.

True, madam, but becauſe he does not come, are we never to dine?

Miſs LINDON.

Remember, Polly, to conceal my miſery from him, and from all the world: I am content to live on bread and water: poverty is not intolerable, but contempt is: I am ſatisfy'd to be in want, but I wou'd not have it known I am ſo.

POLLY.

Alas! my dear miſtreſs, whoever looks at me will eaſily perceive it: with you it is a different thing; your nobleneſs of ſoul ſupports you, you ſeem to rejoice in calamities, and only look the handſomer for it: but I grow thinner and thinner, you may ſee me fall away every minute; I am ſo alter'd within this laſt year that I ſcarce know myſelf.

Miſs LINDON.

We muſt not part with our courage nor our hopes: I can ſupport my own poverty, but yours indeed affects me. My dear girl, let the labour of my hands relieve you, we will have no obligations to any body. Go and ſell this embroidery which I have done lately. I think I ſucceed pretty well in this kind of work. You have aſſiſted me, and

in

in return my hands ſhall feed and clothe you: it is noble to owe our ſubſtance to nothing but our virtue.

POLLY.

Let me kiſs, let me bathe with my tears the dear hands that have labour'd in my ſervice. O I had rather die with my dear miſtreſs in poverty, than be ſervant to a queen. Wou'd I cou'd adminiſter ſome comfort to you!

Miſs LINDON.

Alas! lord Murray is not come: he whom I ought to hate, the ſon of him who was the author of all my misfortunes: alas! the name of Murray will be for ever fatal to me: if he comes, as he certainly will, let him not know my country, my condition, or my misfortunes.

POLLY.

Do you know, that villain Waſp pretends to be well acquainted with him?

Miſs LINDON.

How is it poſſible he ſhou'd know any thing of him, when even you are ſcarce acquainted with him? Nobody writes to me, I am lock'd up in my chamber as cloſe as if I were in my grave: he only pretends to know ſomething in order to make himſelf neceſſary: take care he does not ſo much

as

as find out the place of my birth. You know, my dear Polly, I am an unfortunate woman, whoſe father was baniſh'd in the late troubles, and whoſe family is ruin'd: my father is wandering from deſart to deſart in Scotland. I ſhou'd have left London to join him in his misfortunes, but that I have ſtill ſome hopes in lord Falbridge; he was my father's friend: our true friends never deſert us. He is returned from Spain, and now at Windſor: I wait but to ſee him: but alas! Murray comes not. I have open'd my heart to thee, remember the moſt fatal blow thou can'ſt give to it wou'd be the diſcovery of my condition.

POLLY.

To whom ſhould I diſcover it; I never go from you; beſides that the world is very indifferent about the poor and unfortunate.

Miſs LINDON.

The world is indifferent, Polly, in this reſpect; but ſtill it is always inquiſitive, and loves to tear open the wounds of the wretched: beſides that, the men aſſume a right over our ſex when they are unhappy, and abuſe their power. I wou'd make even my miſeries reſpectable: but alas! lord Murray will not come.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Miſs LINDON, POLLY, WILLIAMS.

WILLIAMS.

Forgive me, madam, I am not acquainted with your name or quality; but I have, I know not why, the greateſt reſpect for you. I have left the company below to wait on you, and know your commands.

Miſs LINDON.

The regard which you expreſs for me, my dear ſir, deſerves my moſt grateful acknowledgments: but what are your commands with me?

WILLIAMS.

I came, madam, only to know yours: you had no dinner yeſterday.

Miſs LINDON.

I was ſick, ſir, and cou'd not eat.

WILLIAMS.

You are worſe than ſick, madam, you are melancholy: you will pardon me, but I cannot help thinking your fortune is not equal to your perſon and appearance.

Miſs

Miſs LINDON.

Why ſhou'd you think ſo? I never complain'd my fortune.

WILLIAMS.

Notwithſtanding that, madam, I am ſure it is not what you cou'd wiſh it were.

Miſs LINDON.

What ſay you?

WILLIAMS.

I ſay, madam, that the world you ſeem to ſhun, admires and pities you. I am but a plain man, madam, but I can ſee all your merit as well as the fineſt courtier. Let me intreat you, my dear lady, to take a little refreſhment: there is above ſtairs an elderly gentleman who wou'd be glad to eat with you.

Miſs LINDON.

What, ſit down to table with a ſtranger!

WILLIAMS.

The gentleman, I am ſure, wou'd be agreeable to you: you ſeem afflicted, and ſo does he. The communication of your grief might, perhaps, give mutual conſolation.

Miſs

Miſs LINDON.

I cannot, will not, ſee any body.

WILLIAMS.

At leaſt, madam, permit my wife to pay her reſpects to you, and keep you company; permit her—

Miſs LINDON.

I return you thanks, ſir, but I want nothing.

WILLIAMS.

You will pardon me, madam, but I cannot think you want nothing, when you ſtand in need even of common neceſſaries.

Miſs LINDON.

Who cou'd make you believe ſo? indeed, ſir, you are impoſed on.

WILLIAMS.

You will forgive me, madam.

Miſs LINDON.

O Polly, 'tis two o'clock, and lord Murray not come yet!

WILLIAMS.

That lord you ſpeak of, madam, is one of the beſt of men; you never receiv'd him here but before company. Why wou'd not you permit me to furniſh

furniſh out a little repaſt for you both? he is, perhaps, a relation of yours.

Miſs LINDON.

My dear ſir, you are miſtaken.

WILLIAMS. [Pulling Polly by the ſleeve.

Go, child, there is a good dinner for you in the next room. This woman is incomprehenſible: but who is yonder lady in the coffee-room with a maſculine air? I ſhou'd have taken her for a man: how wildly ſhe looks!

POLLY.

O my dear miſtreſs! 'tis lady Alton, who wanted to marry my lord—I remember I ſaw her once before this way: 'tis certainly ſhe.

Miſs LINDON.

And my lord not come! then I am undone. Why am I ſtill condemn'd to live? [She goes in.

SCENE VII.

Lady ALTON. [Walking acroſs the ſtage in a violent paſſion, and taking Williams by the arm.

Follow me, ſir, I muſt talk with you.

WIL-

WILLIAMS.

With me, madam?

Lady ALTON.

With you, wretch.

WILLIAMS.

What a devil of a woman!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Lady ALTON, WILLIAMS.

Lady ALTON.

I DON't believe a word you ſay, Mr. Coffee-man; you will abſolutely drive me out of my ſenſes.

WILLIAMS.

Then pray, madam, get into 'em again.

Lady ALTON.

You have the impudence to affirm to me, that this fortune-hunter here is a woman of honour, tho'

tho' ſhe has receiv'd viſits from a nobleman. You ought to be aſham'd of yourſelf.

WILLIAMS.

Why ſo, madam? when my lord came, he never came in privately; ſhe receiv'd him publicly, the doors of her apartment were open, and my wife preſent. You may deſpiſe my condition, madam, but you ſhou'd reſpect my honeſty; and as to the lady you are pleaſed to call a fortune-hunter, if you knew, you wou'd eſteem her.

Lady ALTON.

Leave me, ſir, you grow impertinent.

WILLIAMS.

What a woman!

Lady ALTON. [Goes to Miſs Lindon's door. and knocks rudely.

Open the door.

SCENE II.

Miſs LINDON, Lady ALTON.

Miſs LINDON.

Who knocks ſo? what do you want, madam?

Lady ALTON.

Anſwer me, madam. Does not lord Murray come here ſometimes?

Miſs LINDON.

What's that to you? what right have you to aſk me? am I a criminal, and you my judge?

Lady ALTON.

I am your accuſer. If my lord ſtill viſits you, if you encourage that wretch's paſſion, tremble: renounce him, or you are undone.

Miſs LINDON.

If I had a paſſion for him, your menaces, madam, would but increaſe it.

Lady ALTON.

I ſee you love him; that the perfidious villain has ſeduc'd you; he has deceiv'd you, and you brave me: but know, there is no vengeance which I am not capable of executing.

Miſs LINDON.

Then, madam, know, I do love him.

Lady ALTON.

Before I revenge myſelf I will aſtoniſh you. There, know the traitor, look at theſe letters which he

he wrote to me: there is his picture too, which he gave me; but let me have it back, or—

Miſs LINDON. [Giving her back the picture.

What have I ſeen? unhappy woman; madam—

Lady ALTON.

Well,

Miſs LINDON.

I no longer love him.

Lady ALTON.

Keep your reſolution and your promiſe; know, he is inconſtant, cruel, proud, the worſt of characters.

Miſs LINDON.

Stop, madam; if you continue to ſpeak ill of him, I may relapſe, and love him again. You are come here on purpoſe to take away my wretched life: that, madam, will eaſily be done.—Polly, 'tis all over; come and aſſiſt me to conceal this laſt and worſt of all my miſeries.

POLLY.

What is the matter, my dear miſtreſs, where is your courage?

Miſs LINDON.

Againſt misfortune, injuſtice, and poverty, there are arms that will defend a noble heart; but there is an arrow that always muſt be fatal.

[They go out.

SCENE III.

Lady ALTON, WASP.

To be betray'd, abandon'd for this worthleſs little wretch.

[To Waſp.

You, news-writer, have you done what I order'd you? have you employ'd your engines of intelligence, and found out who this inſolent creature is, that makes me ſo completely miſerable?

WASP.

I have fulfilled your ladyſhip's commands, and have diſcovered that ſhe is a Scotch-Woman, and hides herſelf from the world.

Lady ALTON.

Prodigious news indeed!

WASP.

I can find out nothing elſe at preſent.

Lady

Lady ALTON.

What ſervice then have you been of?

WASP.

When we diſcover a little, we add a little; and one little joined to another, makes a great deal. There's an hypotheſis for you.

Lady ALTON.

How, pedant, an hypotheſis!

WASP.

Yes, I ſuppoſe ſhe is an enemy to the government.

Lady ALTON.

Certainly, nothing can be worſe inclin'd; for ſhe has robb'd me of my lover.

WASP.

You plainly ſee, therefore, that in troubleſome times, a Scotch-Woman, who conceals herſelf, muſt be an enemy to the ſtate.

Lady ALTON.

I can't ſay I ſee it altogether ſo clearly, but I heartily wiſh it was ſo.

WASP.

I wou'd not lay a wager about it, but I'd ſwear to it.

Lady ALTON.

And wou'd you venture to affirm this before people of conſequence?

WASP.

I have the honour of being related to many perſons of the firſt faſhion. I am intimate with the miſtreſs of a valet de chambre to the firſt ſecretary of the prime miniſter: I cou'd even talk with the lacquies of your lover lord Murray, and tell 'em, that the father of this young girl has ſent her up to London, as a woman ill diſpos'd. Now obſerve, this might have its conſequences, and your rival, for her bad intention, might be ſent to the ſame priſon where I have ſo often been for my writings.

Lady ALTON.

Good, very good: violent paſſions muſt be ſerv'd by people who have no ſcruples about 'em. Let the veſſel go with a full ſail, or let it go to the bottom. You are certainly right; a Scotch-woman who conceals herſelf at a time when all the people of her country are ſuſpected, muſt certainly be an enemy to the ſtate. You are no fool, as you have been repreſented to me. I thought you had been only a ſmatterer on paper, but I ſee you have genius. I have already done ſomething for you;

I will

I will do a great deal more. You muſt let me know every thing that paſſes here.

WASP.

Let me adviſe you, madam, to make uſe of every thing you know, and of every thing you do not know. Truth ſtands in need of ſome ornament: downright lies indeed may be vile things, but fiction is beautiful. What after all is truth? a conformity with our own ideas, what one ſays is always conformable to the idea one has whilſt one is talking; therefore, properly ſpeaking, there is no ſuch thing as a lie.

Lady ALTON.

You ſeem to be an excellent logician, I fancy you ſtudy'd at St. Omer's. But go, only tell me whatever you diſcover, I aſk no more of you.

SCENE IV.

Lady ALTON, WILLIAMS.

Lady ALTON.

This is certainly one of the vileſt and moſt impudent ſcoundrels; dogs bite from an inſtinct of courage, and this fellow from an inſtinct of meanneſs. Methinks, now I am a little cool, his behaviour makes me out of love with revenge. I cou'd almoſt take my rival's part againſt him. She has

in her low condition a pride that pleaſes me; ſhe is decent, and I am told, ſenſible: but ſhe has robb'd me of my lover, and that I can never pardon. [*To Williams, whom ſhe ſees in the coffee-room:*] Honeſt man, your ſervant, you are a good kind of fellow, but you have got a ſad raſcal in your houſe.

WILLIAMS.

I have heard, madam, from many, that he is as wicked as miſs Lindon is virtuous and amiable.

Lady ALTON.

Amiable! that wounds my heart.

SCENE V.

WILLIAMS, Mr. FREEPORT. [Dreſs'd plainly, with a large hat.

WILLIAMS.

Heaven be prais'd, Mr. Freeport, I ſee you ſafe return'd; how are you ſince your voyage to Jamaica?

FREEPORT.

Pretty well, I thank you, Mr. Williams, I have been very ſucceſsful, but am much fatigued. [*To the waiter.*] Boy, ſome chocolate and the papers—one finds it more difficult to amuſe oneſelf than to get rich.

WILLIAMS.

Will you have Waſp's papers?

FREE-

FREEPORT.

No: what ſhou'd I do with ſuch ſtuff? it is no concern of mine if a ſpider in the corner of a wall walks over his web to ſuck the blood of flies. Give me the Gazette! What public news have you?

WILLIAMS.

None at preſent.

FREEPORT.

So much the better; the leſs news the leſs folly. But how go your affairs, my friend? have you a good deal of buſineſs? who lodges with you now?

WILLIAMS.

This morning on old gentleman came who won't ſee any body.

FREEPORT.

He's in the right of it: three parts of the world are good for nothing, either knaves or fools, and and as to the fourth, they keep to themſelves.

WILLIAMS.

This gentleman has not ſo much as the curioſity to ſee a charming young lady who is in the ſame houſe with him.

FREEPORT.

There he's wrong. Who is ſhe, pray?

WILLIAMS.

She is ſomething more ſingular even than himſelf: ſhe has now been with me theſe four months, and has never ſtirr'd out of her apartment: ſhe calls herſelf Lindon, but I believe that is not her real name.

FREEPORT.

I make no doubt but ſhe's a woman of virtue, or ſhe wou'd not lodge with you.

WILLIAMS.

O ſhe is more than you can conceive; beautiful to the laſt degree, greatly diſtreſs'd, and the beſt of women. Between you and me ſhe is exceſſively poor, but of a high ſpirit, and very proud.

FREEPORT.

If that be the caſe ſhe is more to blame even than your old gentleman.

WILLIAMS.

By no means: her pride is an additional virtue. She denies herſelf common neceſſaries, and at the ſame time wou'd let nobody know ſhe does: works with her own hands to get money to pay me; never complains, but hides her tears: it is with the utmoſt difficulty I can perſuade her to expend a little of her money, due for rent, on things ſhe really wants; and am forc'd to make uſe of a thou-

ſand arts before ſhe will ſuffer me to aſſiſt her. I always reckon what ſhe has at half the price it coſt me, and when ſhe finds it out, there is always a quarrel between us, which indeed is the only quarrel we have ever had: in ſhort, ſir, ſhe is a miracle of virtue, misfortune, and intrepidity: ſhe frequently draws from me tears of tenderneſs and admiration.

FREEPORT.

You are naturally tender, I am not. I admire none, tho' I eſteem many: but I will ſee this woman; I am a little melancholy, and ſhe may divert me.

WILLIAMS.

O ſir, ſhe ſcarce ever receives any viſitors. There is a lord indeed who comes now and then to ſee her, but ſhe will never ſpeak to him unleſs before my wife. He has not been here for ſome time, and now ſhe lives more retired than ever.

FREEPORT.

I love retirement too, and hate a croud as much as ſhe can: I muſt ſee her, where is her apartment?

WILLIAMS.

Yonder: even with the coffee-room.

FREEPORT.

I'll go in.

WILLIAMS.

You muſt not.

FREEPORT.

I ſay I muſt: why not go into her chamber? bring in my chocolate and the papers. [*Pulls out his watch.*] I have not much time to loſe, for I am engag'd at two.

SCENE VI.

Miſs LINDON, [frighten'd, Polly following her.

FREEPORT, WILLIAMS.

Miſs LINDON.

My God! who is this? ſir, you are extremely rude; I think you might have ſhewn more reſpect to my ſex than thus to intrude on my retirement.

FREEPORT.

You will pardon me, madam. [*To Williams*] Bring me the chocolate.

WILLIAMS.

Yes, ſir, with the lady's conſent.

FREEPORT. [Seats himſelf near a table, reads the news-paper, and looks up to miſs Lindon and Polly, takes off his hat, and puts it on again.

POLLY.

This gentleman ſeems pretty familiar.

FREEPORT.

Why won't you ſit down, madam? you ſee I do.

Miſs

Miſs LINDON.

Which I think, ſir, you ought not to do. I am aſtoniſh'd, ſir: I never receive viſits from ſtrangers.

FREEPORT.

A ſtranger, madam! I am very well known; my name's Freeport, a merchant, and rich: enquire of me upon 'Change.

Miſs LINDON.

Sir, I know nobody in this country, I ſhou'd be oblig'd to you if you wou'd not intrude on a perſon you are an utter ſtranger to, and to whom as a woman you ſhou'd have ſhewn more reſpect.

FREEPORT.

I don't mean to incommode you, madam: be at your eaſe, as I am at mine; you ſee I am reading the news, take up your tapeſtry, or drink chocolate with me, or without me, juſt as you pleaſe.

POLLY.

This is an original!

Miſs LINDON.

Good heaven! what a viſit! and my lord not come. This whimſical fellow diſtracts me, and I don't know how to get rid of him. How cou'd Williams let him in! I muſt ſit down.

[She

[She ſits down, and works, chocolate is brought in, Freeport, takes a diſh without offering her any, he ſips, and talks by turns.

FREEPORT.

Harkee, madam, I hate compliments, I have heard one of the beſt of characters of you: you are poor and virtuous, but they tell me you are proud; that's a fault.

POLLY.

And pray, ſir, who told you all this?

FREEPORT.

The maſter of this houſe, who is a very honeſt man, and therefore I believe him.

Miſs LINDON.

O ſir, 'tis all a fable; he has deceiv'd you; not indeed with regard to pride, which always accompanies true modeſty; nor as to virtue, which is my firſt duty; but with regard to that poverty of which he ſuſpects me. Thoſe who want nothing can never be poor.

FREEPORT.

You don't ſtick to truth, which is even a worſe fault than being proud: I know better, I know you are in want of every thing, and ſometimes deny yourſelf ſo much as a dinner.

POLLY.

POLLY.

That's by order of the doctor.

FREEPORT.

Hold your tongue, huſſy, do you pretend to give yourſelf airs too?

POLLY.

What an original!

FREEPORT.

In a word, whether you are proud or not, is nothing to me. I have made a voyage to Jamaica that has brought me in five thouſand pounds: now, you muſt know, it is a law with me (and ought to be a law with every good chriſtian) always to give away a tenth part of what I get: it is a debt which I owe to the unfortunate. You are unhappy, tho' you won't acknowledge it. There's five hundred pounds for you: now, remember, you're paid: let me have no curtſies, no thanks, keep the money and the ſecret.

[Throws down a large purſe on the table.

POLLY.

I' faith this is more original ſtill.

Miſs LINDON. [Riſing.

I never was ſo aſtoniſh'd in my life—alas! how every

every thing conſpires to humble me! what generoſity! and yet what an affront!

FREEPORT. [Reading the news and drinking his chocolate.

This impertinent writer! a ridiculous fellow to talk ſuch nonſenſe with an air of conſequence.—*The king is arriv'd: he makes a moſt noble figure, being extremely tall.* The blockhead! what ſignifies it whether he is tall or ſhort? cou'd not he have told us the plain fact?

Miſs LINDON. [Coming up to Freeport.

Sir—

FREEPORT.

Well, madam—

Miſs LINDON.

What you have done, ſir, ſurpriſes me ſtill more than what you ſaid: but I cannot poſſibly accept the money, as it may not, perhaps, ever be in my power to repay it.

FREEPORT.

Who talks of repaying it!

Miſs LINDON.

I thank you, ſir, for your goodneſs, from the bottom

bottom of my heart: you have my ſincere acknowledgments, my admiration; I can no more.

POLLY.

You are more extraordinary than the gentleman himſelf. Surely, madam, in the condition you are in, deſerted by all the world, you muſt have loſt your ſenſes to refuſe an unexpected ſuccour, thus offered you by one of the moſt generous, tho' whimſical and abſurd men I ever met with.

FREEPORT.

What do you mean by that, madam? whimſical and abſurd!

POLLY.

If you won't accept of it for your own ſake, take it for mine. I have ſerv'd you in your ill-fortune, and have ſome right to partake of the good. In ſhort, ſir, this is no time to diſſemble; we are in the utmoſt diſtreſs, and if it had not been for your kind landlord, muſt have periſh'd with cold and hunger. My miſtreſs conceal'd her condition from all thoſe who might have been of ſervice to us: you became acquainted with it in ſpite of her: in ſpite of herſelf, therefore, oblige her to accept of that which heaven hath ſent her by your generous hand.

Miſs LINDON.

Dear Polly, you will ruin my honour.

POLLY.

You, my dear miſtreſs, would ruin yourſelf by your folly.

Miſs LINDON.

If you love me, conſider my reputation. I ſhall die with ſhame.

FREEPORT. [Reading.

What are theſe women prating about?

POLLY.

And if you love me, madam, don't oblige me to periſh with hunger.

Miſs LINDON.

O Polly, what think you my lord wou'd ſay, if ſtill he loves me? cou'd he believe me capable of ſuch meanneſs? I always pretended to him that I wanted nothing; and ſhall I receive a preſent from another, from a ſtranger?

POLLY.

Your pretence was wrong, and your refuſal ſtill more

more ſo: as to my lord, he'll ſay nothing about it, for he has deſerted you.

Miſs LINDON.

My dear Polly, by our ſorrows I intreat you, do not let us diſgrace ourſelves: contrive ſome way or other to excuſe me to this ſtrange man, who means well, tho' he is ſo rude and unpoliſh'd: tell him, when an unmarry'd woman accepts ſuch preſents, the world will always ſuſpect ſhe does it at the expence of her virtue.

FREEPORT. [Reading.

What does ſhe ſay?

POLLY. [Coming cloſe to him.

O ſir, ſomething mighty ridiculous; ſhe talks of the ſuſpicions of the world, and that an unmarry'd woman——

FREEPORT.

Is ſhe unmarry'd then?

POLLY.

Yes, ſir, and I too.

FREE-

FREEPORT.

So much the better. So ſhe ſays that an unmarry'd woman——

POLLY.

Cannot take a preſent from a man—

FREEPORT.

She does not know what ſhe ſays. Why am I to be ſuſpected of a diſhoneſt purpoſe, becauſe I do an honeſt action?

POLLY.

Do you hear him, madam?

Miſs LINDON.

I hear, and I admire him, but am ſtill reſolv'd not to accept it: they wou'd ſay I lov'd him; that villain Waſp wou'd certainly report it, and I ſhou'd be undone.

POLLY. [To Freeport.

She is afraid, ſir, you are in love with her.

FREEPORT.

In love with her! how can that be, when I know nothing of her? indeed, madam, you may make yourſelf eaſy on that head; and if perchance ſome years hence I ſhou'd fall in love with you, and

and you with me, well and good; as you determine, I ſhall determine alſo; and if you think no more of it, I ſhall think no more of it; if you tell me I am diſagreeable to you, you will ſoon be ſo to me; if you deſire not to ſee me, you ſhall never ſee me again; and if you deſire me to return, I will.

[Pulls out his watch.

So fare you well. I have little buſineſs at preſent. Madam, your ſervant.

Miſs LINDON.

Your ſervant, ſir, you have my eſteem and my gratitude; but take your money with you, and once more ſpare my bluſhes.

FREEPORT.

The woman's a fool.

Miſs LINDON.

Mr. Williams, Mr. Williams, for heaven's ſake come and aſſiſt me.

WILLIAMS. [Coming in a violent hurry

What's the matter, madam?

Miſs LINDON. [Giving him the purſe.

Here, take this purſe: the gentleman left it by miſtake, give it him again, I charge you; aſſure

him of my eſteem, and remember I want no aſſiſtance from any one.

WILLIAMS. [Taking the purſe.

O Mr. Freeport, I know you by this generous action; but be aſſured this lady means to deceive you: ſhe is really in want of this.

Miſs LINDON.

'Tis falſe: and is it you, Mr. Williams, who wou'd betray me?

WILLIAMS.

I will obey you, madam.

[Aſide to Freeport.

I will keep this money; it may be of ſervice to her without her knowing it. My heart bleeds to ſee ſuch virtue join'd to ſuch misfortunes.

FREEPORT.

I feel for her too, but ſhe is too haughty: tell her it is not right to be proud. Adieu.

SCENE VII.

Miſs LINDON, POLLY.

POLLY.

Well, madam, you have made a fine piece of work of it; heaven graciouſly offer'd you aſſiſtance, and

and you reſolve to periſh in indigence: I too muſt fall a ſacrifice to your virtue, a virtue which is not without its alloy of vanity: that vanity, madam, will deſtroy us both.

Miſs LINDON.

Death is all I have to wiſh for: lord Murray no longer loves me; he has left me theſe three days; he has loved my proud and cruel rival; perhaps, he loves her ſtill. I was to blame to think of him, but 'tis a crime I ſhall not long be guilty of.

[She ſits down to write.

POLLY.

She ſeems in deſpair: alas! ſhe has but too much reaſon to be ſo; her condition is far worſe than mine: a ſervant has always ſome reſource, but a woman like her can have none.

Miſs LINDON. [Folding up her letter.

'Tis no great ſacrifice. There, Polly, when I am no more, carry that letter to him—

POLLY.

What ſays my dear miſtreſs?

Miſs LINDON.

To him who is the cauſe of my death. I have recommended you to him, perhaps he may comply with

with my laſt requeſt: go, Polly, [*embracing her*] and be aſſur'd, that amongſt all my misfortunes, that of not being able to recompenſe you as you deſerve, is not the leaſt which this wretched heart has experienc'd.

POLLY.

O my dear miſtreſs, I cannot refrain from tears, you harrow up my ſoul: what is your dreadful purpoſe? what means this letter? God forbid I ſhou'd ever deliver it! [*ſhe tears the letter.*] Alas! madam, why wou'd not you open your heart to lord Murray? perhaps your cold reſerve has diſguſted him.

Miſs LINDON.

Perhaps ſo, indeed: my eyes are open now, I muſt have offended him: but how cou'd I diſcover my condition to the ſon of him who ruin'd my father and family?

POLLY.

How, madam! was it my lord's father who—

Miſs LINDON.

Yes, it was he who perſecuted my father, had him condemn'd to death, degraded us from our nobility, and took away every thing from us: left as I am without father, mother, or fortune, I have nothing but my reputation and my fatal love. I ought to de-

teſt

deteſt the ſon of Murray: misfortune, that ſtill purſues me, brought me acquainted with him. I have lov'd him, and I ought to ſuffer for it.

POLLY.

O madam, you grow pale, your eyes are dim.

Miſs LINDON.

May grief perform that office for me, which ſword or poiſon—

POLLY.

Help here, Mr. Williams, help! my miſtreſs faints.

WILLIAMS.

Help, help here! where are ye all, my wife, my ſervants, come down; tell the gentlemen above—help here—

[William's wife, her maids, and Polly, carry off miſs Lindon into her chamber.

Miſs LINDON. [As ſhe is going out.

Why will ye bring me back to life again? let me die in peace.

SCENE VIII.

MONTROSS, WILLIAMS.

MONTROSS.

What's the matter, landlord?

WILLIAMS.

That beautiful young lady, ſir, I told you of, fainted away juſt now: but it will be over ſoon.

MONTROSS.

O the mere effect of vapours in young girls; they are not dangerous: what ſervice cou'd I be of? why call me down for this? I thought the houſe had been on fire.

WILLIAMS.

I had rather it were, than this ſweet creature ſhould be hurt. If Scotland has many ſuch beauties as her, it muſt be a charming country.

MONTROSS.

Is ſhe Scotch then?

WILLIAMS.

So it ſeems; tho' I knew it but to-day; our news-writer tells me ſo, and he knows every thing.

MON-

MONTROSS.

And what's her name?

WILLIAMS.

She calls herſelf Lindon.

MONTROSS.

That's a name I'm not acquainted with. [*He walks about.*] The bare mention of my country rives my heart. Was ever man treated with ſuch cruelty and injuſtice as I have been? Barb'rous Murray, thou art dead; but thy ſon ſurvives: I will have juſtice or revenge. O my deareſt wife, my children, my daughter! I have loſt all. This ſword had long ſince ended all my cares, did not the hopes of ſweet revenge force me ſtill to bear the deteſtable load of life!

WILLIAMS. [Returning.

Thank God! all is well again.

MONTROSS.

What ſudden change has happen'd then?

WILLIAMS.

O, ſir, ſhe has recover'd her ſenſes, and is pretty well; looks ſtill pale, but always beautiful.

MONTROSS.

O it's nothing. I muſt go out—I muſt run the hazard—I will. [Exit.

WILLIAMS.

This man does not trouble himſelf much about young ladies that faint; but if he had ſeen Miſs Lindon, he wou'd not be ſo indifferent.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lady ALTON, ANDREW.

Lady ALTON.

YES: ſince I can't ſee the villain at home, I'll ſee him here: he'll certainly come. This news-writer told me truth, and was in the right of it: a Scotch-woman conceal'd in theſe dangerous times! ſhe muſt be in a conſpiracy againſt the ſtate; ſhe ſhall be ſeiz'd; the order is given; at leaſt I am too ſure ſhe conſpires againſt me:

me; but here comes Andrew, my lord's ſervant; I will know the whole of my misfortune. Andrew, you have got a letter from my lord, have not you?

ANDREW.

Yes, madam.

Lady ALTON.

For me.

ANDREW.

No, madam.

Lady ALTON.

How? have not you brought me ſeveral from him?

ANDREW.

Yes, madam: but this is not for you; 'tis for a certain perſon whom he is moſt deſperately in love with.

Lady ALTON.

Well, and was not he moſt deſperately in love with me when he us'd to write to me?

ANDREW.

O no, madam, he lov'd you calmly and coldly; 'tis quite another thing here; he neither ſleeps nor eats, runs about day and night, and does nothing but talk of his dear Lindon. O there's a great deal of difference, I aſſure you.

Lady ALTON.

Perfidious wretch! but no matter; I tell you that letter is for me: 'tis without a ſuperſcription, is not it?

ANDREW.

Yes, madam.

Lady ALTON.

Were not all the letters you brought me without a ſuperſcription too?

ANDREW.

Yes, madam; but this I know is for miſs Lindon.

Lady ALTON.

I tell you 'tis for me, and to prove it to you, here are ten guineas for you.

ANDREW.

Indeed, madam, I begin to think the letter was for you; I was certainly miſtaken: but if after all it is not, I hope you will not betray me; you may ſay you found it at miſs Lindon's.

Lady ALTON.

O leave that to me.

ANDREW.

After all, where is the harm in giving a love-letter deſign'd for one woman to another? they are all alike; and if miſs Lindon does not receive this letter, ſhe may have twenty others. I have executed my commiſſion, and made a pretty good hand of it too.

Lady ALTON. [Opens the letter, and reads.

Now for it—'My dear, amiable, and truly virtuous miſs Lindon'—that's more than ever he ſaid to me—'tis now two days, an age to me, ſince I had the happineſs of ſeeing you: but I have denied myſelf that pleaſure with the hopes of ſerving you. I know what you are, and what I owe you. I will change the face of your affairs, or periſh in the attempt. My friends are zealous for you. Depend on me as on the moſt faithful of lovers, and one who will endeavour to prove himſelf worthy of your affection.'

This is an abſolute conſpiracy; there can be no doubt of it: ſhe is a Scotch-woman, and her family ill affected to the government. Murray's father commanded in Scotland: his friends, he ſays, are zealous; he runs about day and night: 'tis certainly a conſpiracy. Thank God, I am as zealous

as he, and if ſhe does not accept my offers, ſhe ſhall be ſeiz'd in an hour's time, before her vile lover comes to her aſſiſtance.

SCENE II.

Lady ALTON, Miſs LINDON, POLLY.

Lady ALTON [To Polly, who is paſſing from her miſtreſs's apartment towards the coffee-room.

You, madam, go immediately, and tell your miſtreſs I muſt ſpeak with her; ſhe need not be afraid; I ſhall ſay nothing to her but what will be agreeable, and concerns her happineſs: let her come immediately; immediately, do you hear? ſhe need not be afraid, I ſay.

POLLY.

O madam, we are afraid of nothing; but your looks make me tremble.

Lady ALTON.

I'll ſee if I can't perſuade this virtuous lady to do as I wou'd have her: I'll make my propoſals, however.

Miſs

LINDON. [Comes in trembling, supported by Polly.

What are your commands with me, madam? are you come again only to inſult me in diſtreſs?

Lady ALTON.

No: I come to make you happy. I know you are worth nothing; I am rich; I now make you an offer of one of my ſeats on the borders of Scotland, with all the lands belonging to it: go and live there, you and your family, if you have any; but you muſt immediately quit my lord for ever, nor muſt he know of your retreat as long as you live

Miſs LINDON.

Alas! madam, he has abandon'd me: be not jealous of a poor unfortunate; in vain you offer me a retreat; I ſhall ſoon find one without you, an eternal one, in a place where I need not bluſh at my obligations to you.

Lady ALTON.

Raſh woman, is this an anſwer for me?

Miſs LINDON.

Raſhneſs, madam, wou'd ill ſuit with my condition; firmneſs and intrepidity will much better be

come it: my birth, madam, is as good as your's; my heart, perhaps, much better; and as to my fortune, it ſhall not depend on any one, much leſs on my rival. [Goes out.

Lady ALTON. [Alone.

It ſhall depend on me. I am ſorry ſhe reduces me to this extremity, and aſham'd to make uſe of this raſcal Waſp, but ſhe obliges me to it. Faithleſs lover! unhappy paſſion! O I am choaked with rage.

SCENE III.

FREEPORT, and MONTROSS. In the coffee-houſe, with William's wife, and ſervants putting things in order. WILLIAMS, Lady ALTON.

Lady ALTON.

Mr. Williams, you ſee me here often; but 'tis your own fault.

WILLIAMS.

On the contrary, madam, we cou'd wiſh—

Lady ALTON.

I am more concern'd than you can be; but you ſhall ſee me again, I aſſure you.

[She goes out.

WILLIAMS.

So much the worſe. What wou'd ſhe be at now? What a difference there is betwixt her and the beautiful patient miſs Lindon!

FREEPORT.

True; ſhe is, as you ſay, beautiful and virtuous.

WILLIAMS.

I am ſorry this gentleman never ſaw her; I am ſure he wou'd be greatly affected with her behaviour.

MONTROSS. [Aſide.

Wretch that I am! I have other things to think of.

FREEPORT.

I am always either upon 'Change, or at Jamaica; but one can't help liking now and then to ſee a fine woman: ſhe is really a fine creature, a ſweet behaviour, a charming countenance, and has ſomething noble in her air and demeanor.—I muſt ſee her again one day or other. 'Tis pity ſhe's ſo proud.

MONTROSS.

My landlord here informs me you behav'd to her in a moſt generous manner.

FREEPORT.

Who I? no. Wou'd not you, or any man in my place, have done the ſame?

MONTROSS.

If I had been rich, and ſhe had merit, I believe I might.

FREEPORT.

What is there in it then to be wonder'd at? [*He takes up the papers.*] Well, what news have we to-day? How's this? Lord Falbridge dead!

MONTROSS.

Falbridge dead! the only friend I had on earth, or from whom I cou'd expect relief! O fortune, fortune, wilt thou ever perſecute me?

FREEPORT.

Was he your friend? I am ſorry for you.—*Edinburgh, April* 14. *Great ſearch is making after lord Montroſs, condemn'd to loſe his head about eleven years ago.*

MONTROSS.

Juſt heaven! what do I hear? What's that, ſir, lord Montroſs condemn'd—

FREE-

FREEPORT.

Yes, ſir, lord Montroſs; there, ſir, read it yourſelf.

MONTROSS. [Looking on the paper.

'Tis ſo indeed. [*Aſide.*] I muſt get away as faſt as I can; this place is too public: ſure, earth and hell conſpired together never heap'd ſo many misfortunes on one man. [*To his ſervant.*] John, let my horſes be ſaddled, perhaps I may be going towards evening— how bad news flies!

FREEPORT.

Bad news, why ſo? what ſignifies it whether lord Montroſs is beheaded or not? every thing paſſes away—to-day a head is cut off, to-morrow we have it in the news-papers, and next day we talk no more of it. If this miſs Lindon was not ſo proud, I would go and aſk her how ſhe did; ſhe is very handſome, and a very worthy creature.

SCENE IV.

To them a King's Meſſenger.

Meſſenger.

Is your name Williams, ſir?

WIL-

WILLIAMS.

Yes, ſir, your commands with me?

Meſſenger.

You keep a coffee-houſe, and let lodgings?

WILLIAMS.

I do, ſir.

Meſſenger.

You have a young Scotch lady in your houſe, nam'd Lindon?

WILLIAMS.

I have, ſir, and eſteem it a great happineſs.

FREEPORT.

A moſt beautiful and virtuous lady; every body tells me ſo.

Meſſenger.

I come to ſeize her by order of the government; there's my warrant.

WILLIAMS.

Amazing! I ſhudder at the thought.

MONTROSS.

A young Scotch-woman ſeiz'd on the very day of my arrival! O my unhappy family, my country, what will become of my unfortunate daughter! ſhe

is,

is, perhaps, the victim of my misfortunes, languiſhing in poverty and a priſon: why was ſhe ever born?

FREEPORT.

I never heard of young girls being ſeiz'd by order of the government: I am afraid, Mr. Meſſenger, you are a raſcal.

WILLIAMS.

If ſhe is a fortune-hunter, as Waſp ſaid, it will ruin my houſe; I am undone: this court lady had ſome reaſons I ſee plainly—and yet ſhe muſt be good and virtuous.

Meſſenger.

Let's have none of your reaſons, ſir, to priſon, or give bail, that's the rule.

WILLIAMS.

I'll give you bail, myſelf, my houſe, my goods, my perſon.

Meſſenger.

Your perſon's nothing; the houſe, perhaps, not your own—your goods, where are they? I muſt have money.

WIL-

WILLIAMS.

Good Mr. Freeport, ſhall I give him the five hundred pounds which ſhe ſo nobly refus'd, and which are ſtill in my poſſeſſion?

FREEPORT.

Ay, ay, I'll give five hundred, a thouſand, two thouſand; I'll be anſwerable for it, my name's Freeport. I believe the girl's ſtrictly virtuous; but ſhe ſhou'd no be ſo proud.

Meſſenger.

Come, ſir, give us your bond.

FREEPORT.

With all my heart.

WILLIAMS.

'Tis not every one employs their money thus.

FREEPORT.

To ſpend it in doing good is putting it out to the beſt intereſt.

[Freeport and the Meſſenger retire to the corner of the coffee-room to tell out the money.

SCEN

SCENE V.

MONTROSS, WILLIAMS.

WILLIAMS.

You are aſtoniſh'd, ſir, at Mr. Freeport; but 'tis his conſtant practice: happy are thoſe whom he takes a fancy to! he is no complimenter, but does a man a ſervice in leſs time than others ſpend in making proteſtations about it.

MONTROSS. [Aſide.

There are ſtill in the world ſome noble ſouls—what will become of me?

WILLIAMS.

We muſt take care not to let the poor young lady know any thing of the danger ſhe has been in.

MONTROSS.

I muſt be gone this night.

WILLIAMS.

One ſhou'd never tell people of their danger till it is paſt.

MONTROSS.

The only friend I had in London is dead: what ſhou'd I do here?

WIL-

WILLIAMS.

We ſhou'd make her faint away a ſecond time.

SCENE VI.

MONTROSS.

A young Scotch-woman is ſeiz'd, a perſon who lives retir'd, and is ſuſpected by the government. I don't know why, but this adventure throws me into deep reflexions. Every thing conſpires to awaken the memory of my ſorrows, my afflictions, my misfortunes, and my reſentment.

SCENE VII.

MONTROSS. [Seeing Polly croſſing the ſtage.

One word with you, madam, are you that pretty amiable young lady, born in Scotland, who——

POLLY.

Yes, ſir—I, I am tolerably young, and a Scotch-woman; and as to pretty they ſay I am not amiſs.

MONTROSS.

Have you any news from your own country?

POLLY.

POLLY.

No, ſir, I have left in a long time.

MONTROSS.

And what are your relations, pray?

POLLY.

My father was an excellent baker, as I have heard, and my mother waiting-maid to a woman of quality.

MONTROSS.

O now I underſtand you. You I ſuppoſe are ſervant to that young lady I have heard ſo much of. I was miſtaken.

POLLY.

O ſir, you do me too much honour.

MONTROSS.

You know who your miſtreſs is, I ſuppoſe?

POLLY.

Yes, ſir, the ſweeteſt and moſt amiable of her ſex, and one too who has the moſt fortitude in affliction.

MONTROSS.

She is in diſtreſs then?

POLLY.

POLLY.

Yes, ſir, and ſo am I: but I had rather ſerve her in affliction than be ever ſo happy.

MONTROSS.

But don't you know her family?

POLLY.

My miſtreſs, ſir, deſires to remain unknown: ſhe has no family: ſir, why do you aſk me theſe queſtions?

MONTROSS.

To remain unknown! ſay you? O heaven, if I cou'd at laſt—but 'tis a vain imagination. Tell me, pray, how old is your miſtreſs?

POLLY.

One may ſafely tell her age. She is juſt eighteen.

MONTROSS.

Eighteen! the very age of my dear Montroſs, my lovely infant, the only remaining hope of my unhappy family—eigtheen ſay'ſt thou?

POLLY.

Yes, ſir, and I am but two and twenty, there's no great difference between us. I ſee no reaſon why you ſhou'd make ſo many reflections on her age.

MON-

MONTROSS.

Eighteen, and born in my country, desires to remain unknown! I cannot contain myself—by your permission I must see and talk to her immediately.

POLLY.

Telling him of a girl of eighteen has turn'd this old gentleman's brain.—You can't possibly see her at present, sir, she's in the greatest distress.

MONTROSS.

For that very reason I must see her.

POLLY.

O, sir, fresh griefs and calamities have torn her heart, and depriv'd her of her senses. She is not one of those I assure you, sir, who faint away for nothing; she is but just now come to herself, and the little rest she now enjoys is mix'd with grief and bitterness. Have pity, sir, on her condition.

MONTROSS.

All you say but increases my desire. I am her country man, and partake her afflictions, perhaps I may be able to lessen them; permit me, I beg you, before I leave this place, to have an interview with her.

POLLY.

You affect me deeply, sir; stay here a few minutes.

nutes. It is impoſſible a young lady, who has juſt fainted away, ſhou'd be able to receive viſits immediately. I'll go to her, and come back to you ſoon.

SCENE VIII.

MONTROSS, WILLIAMS.

WILLIAMS. [Pulling him by the ſleeve. Sir, is there nobody near us?

MONTROSS.

With what impatience ſhall I wait for her return!

WILLIAMS.

Can nobody hear us?

MONTROSS.

I can never ſupport this anxiety.

WILLIAMS.

They are in ſearch of you, ſir,——

MONTROSS.

Who, where, what?

WILLIAMS.

I ſay, ſir, they are in ſearch of you; I cannot help intereſting myſelf in the ſafety of thoſe who lodge in my houſe. I don't know who you are, ſir, but I have been aſk'd a thouſand queſtions about you. They have ſurrounded the houſe, paſſing, and

and repaſſing, getting all the information they can. In ſhort I ſhall not be ſurpris'd if in a little time they ſhou'd pay you the ſame compliment as they did the young lady, who, it ſeems, is of the ſame country.

MONTROSS.

I muſt ſpeak with her before I go.

WILLIAMS.

Take my advice, ſir, and get away as faſt as you can; our friend Freeport perhaps might not be in the humour to do as much for you as for a girl of eighteen.

MONTROSS.

Pardon me, but I know not where I am; I ſcarce heard you—what muſt I do, or where can I go? my dear ſir, I cannot go without ſeeing her: let me talk to you a little in private: I muſt beg you ſome how or other to let me have an opportunity of ſeeing this young lady.

WILLIAMS.

I told you before, you wou'd want to ſee her. I aſſure you nothing can be more beautiful, more virtuous, or more agreeable.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

WILLIAMS, WASP. At a table in the coffee-room. FREEPORT. Smoaking a pipe.

WILLIAMS.

I muſt be ſo free as to tell you, Mr. Waſp, if I may believe all that is ſaid of you, you wou'd do me a favour by never coming to my houſe again.

FREEPORT.

All that is ſaid is generally falſe: what fly has ſtung you, Mr. Williams?

WILLIAMS.

You come, and write your papers here, Mr. Waſp; and my coffee-houſe will be looked on as a poiſon ſhop.

FREEPORT. [To Williams.

This fellow ſeems to deſerve what you ſay.

WILLIAMS. [To Waſp.

They ſay you ſpeak ill of all mankind.

FREEPORT.

Of all mankind! that's too much indeed.

WILLIAMS.

They begin even to ſay you are an informer, and a ſcoundrel, but I am loth to believe them.

FREEPORT. [To Waſp.

Do you hear, ſir? this is paſt raillery.

WASP.

WASP.

I am an illuſtrious writer, ſir, a man of taſte.

WILLIAMS.

Taſte or no taſte, ſir, I ſay you have done me an injury.

WASP.

So far from it, ſir, that I have help'd off your coffee, have made it faſhionable to come to your houſe; 'tis my reputation that has brought you cuſtom.

WILLIAMS.

A fine reputation indeed! that of a ſpy, a bad author, and a worſe man!

WASP.

Stop, Mr. Williams, if you pleaſe. You may attack my morals, but my works—I will never ſuffer that.

WILLIAMS.

Your writings, ſir, are not worth my conſideration; but you are ſuſpected of a deſign againſt the amiable Miſs Lindon.

FREEPORT.

If I thought ſo, I wou'd drown the dog with my own hands.

WILLIAMS.

'Tis ſaid, you accus'd her of being Scotch, and the honeſt gentleman too who lives above ſtairs.

WASP.

Well, and ſuppoſe I had, what harm is there in being of any particular country?

WILLIAMS.

'Tis moreover reported that you have had ſeveral conferences with the agents of a certain choleric lady who comes here, and with the ſervants of a noble lord, who us'd to frequent this houſe: that you tell tales, and blow up quarrels.

FREEPORT. [To Waſp.

Are you really ſuch a rogue? then ſhall I deteſt you.

WILLIAMS.

O thank God! here comes my lord, if I am not miſtaken.

FREEPORT.

A lord, is it? then your humble ſervant, I hate a lord, as much as I do a bad writer.

WILLIAMS.

He's not like other lords, I aſſure you.

FREEPORT.

Like other lords or not, 'tis no matter. I never love to be diſturb'd, ſo fare you well. I don't know how it is, my friend, but I am always thinking of this young Scotch-woman—I'll come back preſently—

ſently—immediately. I want to talk ſeriouſly to her—your ſervant. This Scotch-woman is handſome, and a good creature—Adieu— [*Returning*] tell her, I intend to ſerve her greatly.

SCENE II.

Lord MURRAY, penſive and in great agitation.
WASP, bowing to him, of which he takes no notice.
WILLIAMS, at a diſtance from him.

Lord MURRAY. [To Williams.

I'm glad to ſee you, friend: how is that charming girl you have the pleaſure to boaſt of as your lodger here?

WILLIAMS.

She has been very ill, ſir, ſince ſhe ſaw you: but I'm ſure ſhe will be better now.

Lord MURRAY.

Great God, thou protector of innocence, I implore thee for her; O deign to make me an inſtrument in doing juſtice to virtue, and ſheltering the unfortunate from oppreſſion! Thanks to thy goodneſs, and my own endeavours, I have hopes of ſucceſs. Hark'ee friend, I wou'd talk a little with that man [*pointing to Waſp.*]

WASP. [To Williams.

You ſee, ſir, you were miſtaken, and I have ſome credit ſtill at court.

WILLIAMS. [Going out.

That's not quite ſo clear.

Lord MURRAY. [To Waſp.

Well, my friend——

WASP. [Bowing.

Permit me, my lord, to dedicate a volume to your lordſhip——

Lord MURRAY.

No, ſir, we are not talking about dedications: you are the perſon that inform'd my ſervants of the arrival of the old gentleman juſt come from Scotland; you deſcrib'd him, and made the ſame report to the miniſter of ſtate.

WASP.

My lord, I only did my duty.

Lord MURRAY. [Giving him a purſe.

You have done me a ſervice without knowing it: but I don't conſider the intention. Some folks ſay you meant to hurt, and have done good: there's ſomething for your ſervice. But if ever from this time forward you ſo much as pronounce the name of that gentleman, or of Miſs Lindon, I'll throw you out at window,— away, be gone, ſir.

WASP.

My lord, I return you thanks; every body abuſes me

me, and gives me money; I am certainly a cleverer fellow than I thought I was.

SCENE III.

Lord MURRAY. [Alone.

An old gentleman juſt arriv'd from Scotland; miſs Lindon born in the ſame country! alas! if it were poſſible to repair the cruel injuries my father did—if heaven wou'd graciouſly permit—but I'll go in. [*To Polly, who comes out of miſs Lindon's apartment*] Polly, were not you ſurpris'd at not ſeeing me for ſo long a time? two whole days! I ſhou'd not have forgiven myſelf had I not been engag'd in my dear miſs Lindon's ſervice: the miniſters of ſtate were at Windſor, and I was oblig'd to follow them there. Heaven ſure inſpir'd thee, when thou told'ſt me, Polly, the ſecret of her birth.

POLLY.

I'm frighten'd yet, my miſtreſs ſo often forbad me: were I to give her the leaſt uneaſineſs I ſhou'd die with grief. Alas! ſir, your abſence this very day threw her into a fainting fit, and I believe I ſhou'd have fainted too, if I had not exerted all my ſtrength to aſſiſt her.

Lord MURRAY.

There, Polly, there's ſomething for the fainting

fit you had like to have fall'n into. [*Gives her money.*]

POLLY.

My lord, I thank you; I am not ſo high-ſpirited as my miſtreſs, who refuſes to accept of any thing; and pretends to be quite at her eaſe, when ſhe is abſolutely ſtarving.

Lord MURRAY.

Good heaven! the daughter of Montroſs reduc'd to poverty! how guilty am I! but I will repair every thing, her condition ſhall ſoon be chang'd: why wou'd ſhe ſo long conceal it from me?

POLLY.

'Tis the only thing in which ſhe deceiv'd you, or I believe ever will.

Lord MURRAY.

But let us go in, I long to throw myſelf at her feet.

POLLY.

O my lord, not yet; ſhe is now with an old gentleman, a very old gentleman, who is her countryman, and they are ſaying ſuch tender things.

Lord MURRAY.

Who is this old gentleman? methinks I am already intereſted in his favour.

POLLY.

I know nothing of him.

Lord

Lord MURRAY.

Wou'd to God he were the perſon I wiſh him to be! and what did they ſay to each other?

POLLY.

They began to grow very ſerious, the gentleman ſeem'd to wiſh me out of the room, and ſo I came away.

SCENE IV.

Lady ALTON, Lord MURRAY, POLLY.

Lady ALTON.

So, ſir, at laſt I've caught you: thou baſe perfidious man! now ſir, I am convinc'd of your inconſtancy, and my own diſgrace.

Lord MURRAY.

True, madam, you are ſo. [*Aſide.*] What an unſeaſonable intruſion!

Lady ALTON.

Perfidious monſter!

Lord MURRAY.

A monſter I may appear in your eyes, and I am glad of it; but perfidious I never was; 'tis not my character: before I lov'd another, I frankly told you I had no longer any regard for you.

Lady ALTON.

After a promiſe of marriage, wretch, after ſo many proteſtations of love!

Lord MURRAY.

When I made thoſe proteſtations I lov'd you, and when I promis'd to marry you, I meant to do ſo.

Lady ALTON.

And why then did not you keep your word? what prevented you?

Lord MURRAY.

Your character, your fiery temper and diſpoſition: marriage was intended to make us happy, and I ſaw too plainly we were not made for each other.

Lady ALTON.

And ſo you have quitted me for a wandering lady errant, a poor fortune-hunter.

Lord MURRAY.

No, madam; I leave you for ſoftneſs and good-nature, for every grace, and every virtue.

Lady ALTON.

But you are not yet poſſeſs'd of her: know, traitor, I will be reveng'd, and ſpeedily too.

Lord

Lord MURRAY.

I know your vindictive temper, know you have more envy than jealouſy, more rage than tenderneſs, but you will be forc'd to honour and reſpect the woman I love.

Lady ALTON.

I know the object of your affection, ſir, better than you do; I know who ſhe is; I know too who that ſtranger is, who came hither yeſterday: yes ſir, I am acquainted with it all, and ſo are they who have more power and authority than lord Murray: that unworthy rival, for whom I am deſpis'd, ſhall ſoon be ſeiz'd and raviſh'd from you.

Lord MURRAY.

What ſays ſhe, Polly? I'm terrify'd at the thought.

POLLY.

And ſo am I. We are undone, ſir.

Lord MURRAY.

Stay, madam, explain yourſelf—hear me.

Lady ALTON.

I'll hear nothing, anſwer nothing, explain nothing: you are an inconſtant, falſe-hearted, perfidious villain. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Lord MURRAY, POLLY.

Lord MURRAY.

What does this fury mean? her jealouſy is terrible: heaven grant I never may be jealous! ſhe talks of having my dear girl ſeiz'd, and pretends to know this ſtranger. What wou'd ſhe be at?

POLLY.

To tell you the truth, my miſtreſs has been taken up by order of the government, and I too, I believe; and if it had not been for an honeſt fat man, who is goodneſs itſelf, and who gave in bail for us, we had both been in priſon at this very time. They had made me ſwear not to tell you any thing of it: but how can I conceal it from you?

Lord MURRAY.

What do I hear? misfortune on misfortune! your miſtreſs's very name I find is ſuſpected. Alas! my family was born to be the deſtruction of hers: heaven, fortune, juſtice, and love wou'd repair all, but guilt oppoſes me. It ſhall not, muſt not triumph; do not alarm my dear girl. I'll go myſelf to the miniſtry! Try every thing, do every thing to ſave her. I'll deny myſelf the happineſs of ſeeing her till I can aſſure her of ſucceſs. I fly, Polly, to ſerve her, and will return immediately.

Tell

Tell her I have left her only becauſe I adore her.

[*Goes out.*]

POLLY.

This is a ſtrange adventure. I ſee this world is nothing but a perpetual conteſt between the virtuous and the wicked, and we poor girls are always the ſufferers.

SCENE VI.

MONTROSS, Miſs LINDON, [Nods to Polly, who goes out.

MONTROSS.

Every word you utter pierces my ſoul: born in Lochaber! perſecuted, oppreſs'd, and deſerted! a woman with ſuch noble ſentiments!

Miſs LINDON.

Thoſe ſentiments, ſir, perhaps are owing to my misfortunes: had I been brought up in eaſe and luxury, my ſoul, which is fortify'd by adverſity, had been weak and vain.

MONTROSS.

O thou art worthy of a nobler fate. You acknowledge to me you are ſprung from one of the proſcribed families, whoſe blood was ſhed on a ſcaffold in our civil wars. But ſtill you conceal from me your name and birth.

Miſs LINDON.

Duty binds me to ſilence. My father himſelf was proſcribed: they are even now in ſearch of him, and were I to name, perhaps I might deſtroy him. You inſpire me, I own, with uncommon tenderneſs and reſpect, but I know you not, and I have every thing to fear. You ſee I am myſelf ſuſpected, and am a priſoner here. One word might ruin me.

MONTROSS.

One word perhaps might give me the greateſt comfort: but tell me only what age you were of when you parted from your father, who was afterwards ſo unhappy?

Miſs LINDON.

I was then but five years old.

MONTROSS.

Great God, have mercy on me! every thing ſhe ſays contributes to throw new light on my dark paths! O providence, do not withdraw thy goodneſs from me!

Miſs LINDON.

You weep, ſir, alas! nor can I help joining my tears with yours.

MON-

MONTROSS. [Wiping his eyes.

Go on, I conjure you: after your father had quitted his family to ſee it no more, how long did you remain with your mother?

Miſs LINDON.

I was ten years old when ſhe died in my arms, oppreſſed with grief and miſery, and after ſhe had heard that my brother was kill'd in battle.

MONTROSS.

O I faint; what a dreadful moment! O thou dear, unhappy wife, and thou more fortunate ſon, to die without ſeeing ſo much miſery; do you remember this picture?

[Takes a picture out of his pocket.

Miſs LINDON.

What do I ſee? is this a dream? ſurely 'tis my mother's picture.

MONTROSS.

It is, it is your mother; and I am that unhappy father who is condemn'd to death, whoſe trembling arms now embrace thee.

Miſs LINDON.

Do I live? where am I? O ſir, behold me at your knees: this is the firſt happy moment of my life:

life: O my father! alas! how durſt you venture hither? I tremble for you, even whilſt I am thus happy in your ſight.

MONTROSS.

My deareſt child, you know the misfortunes of our family; you know that the houſe of Murray, ſtill jealous of ours, plung'd us into theſe calamities. I have loſt all: one friend alone remain'd, who by his intereſt and power might have reſtor'd me, and had promis'd it; but on my arrival here, I find that friend is dead, that I am ſearch'd after in Scotland, and a price put on my head. 'Tis, no doubt, the ſon of my old enemy who ſtill perſecutes me: I will die by his hand, or be reveng'd on him.

Miſs LINDON.

And come you then with a reſolution to kill lord Murray?

MONTROSS.

Yes: I will revenge you and my family, or die. I only hazard a life already devoted to the ſcaffold.

Miſs LINDON.

O fortune, in what new horror doſt thou involve me! what muſt I do? O my father!

MONTROSS.

My deareſt daughter! how cruel is thy fate to be born of ſuch a wretched father!

Miſs LINDON.

O ſir, I am much more unhappy than you think me: are you reſolv'd on this fatal enterpriſe?

MONTROSS.

Ay, to death.

Miſs LINDON.

O my dear father, let me conjure you by that life which you gave me, by your misfortunes, by my own, which are, perhaps, ſtill greater, do not expoſe me to the dread of loſing you; have pity on me, ſpare your own life, and preſerve mine.

MONTROSS.

Your voice reaches to my inmoſt ſoul; methinks I hear in thee, thy much-lov'd mother; ſpeak, what wou'd you?

Miſs LINDON.

Do not expoſe your precious life, but quit this dangerous place, dangerous for us both: yes, I am reſolv'd I will renounce all for my dear father's ſake. I am ready to follow you, I will accompany you, ſir,

ſir, to ſome far diſtant iſland, and there theſe hands ſhall labour to ſupport you. It is my duty, and I will perform it: 'tis done, away.

MONTROSS.

I muſt not then revenge you?

Miſs LINDON.

No, ſir, that vengeance wou'd deſtroy me: come, let us be gone.

MONTROSS.

Well, I ſubmit. The father's love prevails over all: ſince you have the courage to accompany me, I will go: I will prepare every thing for our departure from London within this hour; be ready: one more embrace, and farewell.

SCENE VII.

Miſs LINDON, POLLY.

Miſs LINDON.

'Tis all over, Polly: I ſhall never ſee lord Murray again.

POLLY.

Indeed, madam, but you will; he'll be here in a few minutes: he is but juſt gone from hence.

Miſs

Miſs LINDON.

Gone from hence! and not ſee me: this is worſe than all. O my unhappy father! why did we not go before?

POLLY.

If he had not been interrupted by that deteſtable lady Alton.

Miſs LINDON.

What! did he meet her here after all to inſult me! after leaving me for three days without ſo much as writing! to affront me ſo groſsly. O if my life were not neceſſary to my dear father, this moment wou'd I part from it.

POLLY.

But hear me, madam, I ſwear to you my lord—

Miſs LINDON.

Perfidious wretch! but all men are ſo. O my poor father! hereafter I will think on none but thee.

POLLY.

On my ſoul, madam, you are wrong; my lord is not falſe or perfidious, but one of the beſt of men: he loves you from his ſoul, and has given me convincing proofs of it.

Miſs

Miſs LINDON.

Nature ſhou'd be ſuperior to love. I know not whither I am going, or what will become of me; but certainly I can never be more miſerable than I am at preſent.

POLLY.

My dear miſtreſs, you will hear nothing; recover your ſpirits a little: I tell you, you are beloved.

Miſs. LINDON.

O Polly, will you follow me?

POLLY.

To the end of the world, madam: but hear me; you are beloved, indeed you are.

Miſs LINDON.

Let me alone; talk no more to me of my lord: alas! if he did love me, I muſt leave him—that gentleman you ſaw with me—

POLLY.

Well—

Miſs LINDON.

Come in, and I'll tell you all: tears and ſighs will not let me ſpeak: follow me, and get every thing ready for our departure.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Miſs LINDON, FREEPORT, WILLIAMS.

WILLIAMS.

POLLY, I find, is packing up your things; you are going to leave us: you can't imagine, madam, the concern it gives me.

Miſs LINDON.

My dear landlord, and you, ſir, to whom I am ſo much indebted for your unmerited generoſity, I am ſorry it is not in my power to return it; but be aſſured I ſhall never, whilſt I have life, forget you.

FREEPORT.

What is all this, what is all this? if you like us, why do you leave us? you an't afraid of any thing are you? a girl, like you, can have nothing to fear.

WILLIAMS.

Mr. Freeport, the old gentleman, who it ſeems is her countryman, is going too. The lady wept, and he wept, at parting; and I am ready to weep too.

FREE-

FREEPORT.

Ridiculous! I never wept in my life: our eyes were never given us for that purpoſe: I own I'm ſorry. Tho' ſhe is a little proud, as I told you, yet ſhe is ſuch a good creature, one can't help being concern'd at loſing her. If you go, madam, you muſt write to me; I ſhall always be glad to do you any ſervice: perhaps we may meet again one day or other, who knows? but be ſure you don't forget to write to me.

Miſs LINDON.

I aſſure you, ſir, I will; and if ever fortune—

FREEPORT.

Williams, I'm ſure this woman is well-born. I ſhall expect a letter from you, but don't put too much wit into it.

WILLIAMS.

You will forgive me, madam, but I really don't think you are at liberty to go from hence, as Mr. Freeport is bail for you, and muſt loſe five hundred pounds of you leave us.

Miſs LINDON.

O heaven! another diſtreſs! another humiliation! muſt I then remain here? and my lord—my father too.—

FREE-

FREEPORT. [To Williams.

O don't let that ſtop her—there is ſomething in her that charms me—but let her go as ſoon as ſhe pleaſes: you don't ſuppoſe I value five hundred pounds? Hark'ee, Williams, put five hundred more into her portmanteau. I beg, madam, [*to miſs Lindon*] you will go whenever it is agreeable to you; write to me, and let me ſee you when you return; for I have really conceiv'd a great eſteem and affection for you.

SCENE II.

Lord MURRAY and ſervant at one part of the ſtage, Miſs LINDON and the reſt at the other.

Lord MURRAY. [To his Servants.

Stay you here: and do you run to the court of chancery, and bring me thoſe parchments as ſoon as they are finiſhed: go you and get things ready at my new houſe. [*Pulls a paper out of his pocket, and reads.*] What happineſs it will be to make her happy!

Miſs LINDON. [To Polly.

O Polly, I am diſtracted at the ſight of him.

FREE-

FREEPORT.

This lord always comes in unſeaſonably: he is handſome and well-made, and yet I don't like him: but what's that to me? I have certainly ſome regard for her; but I am not in love with her.—Madam, your ſervant.

Miſs LINDON.

I ſhall not go, ſir, without paying my reſpects to you.

FREEPORT.

O pray, madam, no ceremony; perhaps it may affect me too much. Don't think I'm in love with you, madam; but I ſhould be glad to ſee you once more before you go: I ſhall be in the houſe, and muſt ſee you ſet out. Go, Williams, and help the good gentleman above. I find I have a prodigious regard for this young lady.

SCENE III.

Lord MURRAY, Miſs LINDON.

Lord MURRAY.

At length once more I am happy in the ſight of all I hold dear on earth. What a houſe is this for

miſs Lindon; but one more worthy of her is prepar'd: you look down and weep: for heaven's ſake what has happened to you? who was that ſurly looking fellow talking with you? if he is the cauſe of your uneaſineſs, he ſhall ſoon repent it.

Miſs LINDON.

Alas! my lord, he is one of the beſt men; one who has taken pity on my misfortunes; who has never abandon'd, never inſulted me; one who never talk'd to my rival without deigning to look on me; one who, if he had lov'd me, wou'd not have let three days paſs without writing.

Lord MURRAY.

Believe me, when I tell you, I had rather die than merit the leaſt of thoſe cruel reproaches. I abſented myſelf but for your ſake, thought of nothing but you, and have ſerv'd you in ſpite of yourſelf: if, on my return here, I found that clamorous revengeful woman, cou'd I help it? I went back again immediately to counteract her fatal deſigns. My God, not write to you!

Miſs LINDON.

No.

Lord

Lord MURRAY.

I ſee ſhe has intercepted my letters; her baſeneſs increaſes, if poſſible, my paſſion; may it recall your's! how unkind was it in you to conceal from me your name and condition! a condition ſo unworthy of you.

Miſs LINDON.

Who diſcover'd them to you?

Lord MURRAY. [Pointing to Polly.

She, your confederate.

Miſs LINDON.

Did you betray me?

POLLY.

You betray'd yourſelf, madam; I ſerv'd you.

Miſs LINDON.

You know me then; you know what hatred hath always divided our families: your father was the cauſe of mine being condemn'd to death; he reduced me to that wretched ſtate which I endeavour'd to conceal from you; and you, his ſon, now dare avow a paſſion for me!

Lord

Lord MURRAY.

I do; I adore you; 'tis what I owe you: my love ſhall repair the injuries my father did: 'tis the juſtice of providence: my heart, my fortune, and my life, are in your diſpoſal: let us unite theſe hoſtile names. Here is a contract of marriage; ſhall I hope to ſee it executed?

Miſs LINDON.

Alas! my lord, it is impoſſible; I am going this moment to leave you for ever.

Lord MURRAY.

Going? to leave me for ever? ſooner ſhall you behold me periſh at your feet: am I at laſt rejected then?

POLLY.

I ſay, madam, you muſt not go; you are always making ſome deſperate reſolution: but I ſhall bring you to yourſelf again. My lord, you muſt ſecond me.

Lord MURRAY.

Who cou'd inſpire you with this cruel deſign to fly from me, to render all my cares abortive?

Miſs LINDON.

My father.

Lord MURRAY.

Your father? where is he? what does he mean to do with you? inform me quickly.

Miſs LINDON.

He's here, and means to carry me away with him; it is reſolv'd.

Lord MURRAY.

No: by thy dear ſelf I ſwear, it muſt not, ſhall not be: where is he? conduct me to him.

Miſs LINDON.

My deareſt lord, take care; let him not ſee you: he is come hither to finiſh his misfortunes by taking away your life, and I have conſented to fly with him, to divert him from this dreadful reſolution.

Lord MURRAY.

Your's is more cruel ſtill; but be aſſur'd I fear him not, nay hope one day to make him my friend. —This fellow not return'd yet! O heaven! how ſwift is every evil thing, how ſlow is every good!

Miſs LINDON.

My father comes: if you love me, do not let him ſee you; ſpare him the horror of ſuch an interview: for heaven's ſake retire, at leaſt for a while.

Lord

Lord MURRAY.

'Tis with the utmoſt regret that I ſubmit; but you command, and I muſt obey. I will go in, and return with arms that ſhall make his drop out of his hand.

SCENE IV.

MONTROSS, Miſs LINDON.

MONTROSS.

Come, my dear daughter, my only comfort and ſupport, let us be gone.

Miſs LINDON.

O thou unhappy father of a more unhappy daughter, never, never will I leave you; but permit me to ſtay here a little longer.

MONTROSS.

What! after your urgent intreaties that I wou'd go immediately; after having promiſed to follow me to ſome deſart ſolitude, where I may forget my diſgrace! have you chang'd your deſign? have you ſo ſoon forgot the tender ſentiments you ſo lately expreſs'd?

Miſs LINDON.

Indeed, ſir, I am not chang'd: I am incapable of ſuch baſeneſs; I will follow you: but once more let

me intreat you, ſtay a little while: grant but this favour to her who owes to you a life of ſorrows; do not refuſe me a few precious moments.

MONTROSS.

They are indeed precious, and yet you wou'd laviſh them away: conſider we are every moment in danger of being diſcover'd, that you have yourſelf been ſeiz'd, that they are ev'n now in ſearch of me, and that to-morrow you may ſee your father given up to an ignominious death.

Miſs LINDON.

Thoſe words are as a clap of thunder to me. I ſubmit, ſir: I am aſham'd I ſtay'd ſo long; but I had a diſtant hope—no matter; you are my father, and I'll follow you. O me!

SCENE V.

FREEPORT and WILLIAMS on one Side of the Stage, MONTROSS and his Daughter on the other.

FREEPORT. [To Williams.

Her ſervant has carry'd the portmanteau back to her chamber: they'll not go yet; I'm glad of that however. I began to have a ſort of liking to her; not that I'm in love with her; but ſhe is ſo well-bred, there

there is no parting from her without ſome uneaſineſs; a kind of anxiety that I never felt before: there's ſomething very extraordinary in it.

MONTROSS. [To Freeport.

Sir, your ſervant; we are juſt going to ſet out, with hearts full of gratitude to you for paſt favours: I aſſure you I never met with a worthier man than yourſelf: you almoſt reconcile me to mankind.

FREEPORT.

You are going then, ſir, and this lady I ſuppoſe: I'm ſorry for it: you ſhou'd have ſtaid a little longer; indeed you ſhou'd. I have juſt now thought of ſomething, that, perhaps, might not be diſagreeable to you: pray, ſtay.

SCENE VI.

To them Lord MURRAY [Taking a roll of parchment from his ſervant.

'Tis well: thank heaven! I have at laſt got the pledge of my future happineſs.

FREEPORT. [Aſide.

A plague on this lord, here he is again: I hate him for being ſo agreeable.

MONTROSS. [To his daughter, whilſt Lord Murray is talking to his ſervant.

Who is that man, my dear?

Miſs LINDON.

It is, ſir—it is—O heaven! have mercy on me!

WILLIAMS.

'Tis my lord Murray, ſir, one of the fineſt gentlemen in this kingdom, and the moſt generous.

MONTROSS.

Murray! O heav'n! my fatal enemy, who comes to inſult me, to triumph over my misfortunes [*draws his ſword*] but he ſhall have my life, or I his.

Miſs LINDON.

O ſtop, my father, what wou'd you do?

MONTROSS.

Cruel daughter! and is it thus you have betray'd me?

WILLIAMS. [Stepping between them.

No violence, I beg, ſir, in my houſe; you will ruin me.

FREE-

FREEPORT.

Why ſhou'd you hinder people from fighting, if they have a mind to it?

Lord MURRAY. [At a diſtance from Montroſs.

You are the father of that charming woman?

Miſs LINDON.

O I die.

MONTROSS.

I am, ſir; I'll not deny it. Come then, thou cruel ſon of a ſtill more cruel father, I know thy purpoſe; come, and take my life.

WILLIAMS.

Again, ſir——

Lord MURRAY.

Stop him not: I have that which will diſarm him. [Draws his ſword.

Miſs LINDON. [Sinking into the arms of Polly.

Cruel man! and dare you——

Lord MURRAY.

Yes, I dare—I am the ſon of your inveterate foe; and thus [*throwing away his ſword*] I attack you.

PREEPORT.

Here's another for you, ſir.

Lord MURRAY.

Now, ſir, with one hand ſtrike this guilty breaſt, and with the other receive this paper—read, and know me.

MONTROSS.

What do I ſee? my pardon ſign'd, my honours reſtor'd, my family re-eſtabliſhed! O heaven! and is it to you, to lord Murray, I owe it all. O my friend, my benefactor, now you triumph more, much more, than if I had fallen by your ſword.

Miſs LINDON.

O unexpected happineſs! my lover then is worthy of me.

Lord MURRAY.

O my father, permit me to embrace you.

MONTROSS.

How ſhall I repay ſuch generoſity?

Lord MURRAY. [Pointing to miſs Lindon.

There, ſir, is my reward.

MONTROSS.

The father and the daughter are both yours for ever.

FREE-

FREEPORT. [To Williams.

My friend, I was afraid this lady was not made for me: however, ſhe is fall'n into good hands, and I am ſatisfy'd.

END OF THE FIFTH AND LAST ACT.

THE ORPHAN OF CHINA.

A TRAGEDY.

Repreſented at PARIS, Auguſt 20, 1755.

TO THE MOST NOBLE

DUKE OF RICHELIEU,

Marſhal and Peer of FRANCE, Firſt Gentleman of the Chamber to his MAJESTY, Governor of LANGUEDOC, and Member of the ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

MY LORD,

I Would have preſented you with a piece of fine marble; but, inſtead of it, can only offer you a few *Chineſe* figures. This little performance is not indeed worthy of your acceptance: there is no hero in this piece, who has united all parties in his favour, and rendered himſelf univerſally agreeable, by the force of ſuperior talents, or ſupported a falling kingdom, or made the noble attempt to overthrow an *Engliſh* colony with four cannons only. I know better than any body elſe the inſignificancy of my own works; but every thing may be forgiven to an attachment of forty year's ſtanding. The world, indeed, will ſay that, retired as I am to the foot of the *Alps*, covered with eternal ſnows, and where I ought to be nothing but a philoſopher, I had

I had ſtill vanity enough to let it be known, that *France*'s brighteſt ornament on the banks of the *Siene* has not forgot me. I have conſulted my own heart alone, which hath always guided me, inſpired every word, and directed every action. You know it hath ſometimes deceived me; but not after ſuch long and convincing proofs. If this tragedy ſhould ſurvive its author, permit it to inform poſterity, that he who wrote it was honoured with your friendſhip; that your uncle laid the foundation of the fine arts in *France*, and that you ſupported them in their decline.

I took the firſt hint of this tragedy ſome time ſince from reading the ORPHAN OF TCHAO, a *Chineſe* tragedy, tranſlated by father BREMARE, an account of which is given us in *Du Halde*'s hiſtory. This piece was written in the fourteenth century, and in the dynaſty of GENGIS-KAN; an additional proof, that the *Tartarian* conquerors did not change the manners of the conquered nation; on the other hand, they protected and encouraged all the arts eſtabliſhed in *China*, and adopted their laws: an extraordinary inſtance of the natural ſuperiority which reaſon and genius have over blind force and barbariſm. Twice have the *Tartars* act-

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ed in this manner; for when they had once more ſubdued this great empire, the beginning of laſt century, they ſubmitted a ſecond time to the wiſdom of the conquered, and the two nations formed but one people, governed by the moſt ancient laws in the world; a moſt remarkable event, the illuſtration of which was the principal end of this performance.

The *Chineſe* tragedy, which they call *the Orphan*, was taken out of an immenſe collection of the theatrical performances of that nation, which has cultivated this art for above three thouſand years before it was invented by the *Greeks*, the art of making living portraits of the actions of men, eſtabliſhing ſchools of morality, and teaching virtue in dialogue and repreſentation. For a long time dramatic poetry was held in eſteem only in that vaſt country of *China*, ſeparated from and unknown to the reſt of the world, and in the city of *Athens*. *Rome* was unacquainted with it till above four hundred years afterwards. If you look for it among the *Perſians*, or *Indians*, who paſs for an inventive people, you will not find it there; it has never yet reached them. *Aſia* was contented with the fables of *Pilpay* and *Lokman*, which contain all their morality,

rality, and have inſtructed by their allegories every age and nation.

One would have imagined, that from making animals ſpeak, there was but one ſtep to make men ſpeak alſo, to introduce them on the ſtage, and to form the dramatic art; and yet this ingenious people never thought of it: from whence we may infer, that the *Chineſe*, *Greeks*, and *Romans*, are the only ancient nations, who were acquainted with the true ſpirit of ſociety. Nothing indeed renders men more ſociable, poliſhes their manners, or improves their reaſon more than the aſſembling them together for the mutual enjoyment of intellectual pleaſure. Scarce had *Peter* the Great poliſhed *Ruſſia* before theatres were eſtabliſhed there. The more *Germany* improves, the more of our dramatic repreſentations has it adopted. Thoſe few places where they were not received in the laſt age are never ranked amongſt the civilized countries.

The *Orphan of Tchao* is a valuable monument of antiquity, and gives us more inſight into the manners of *China*, than all the hiſtories which ever were, or ever will be written of that vaſt empire. It is true, indeed, it is extremely barbarous, when compared to the excellent performances of our own

times; but, notwithſtanding, is a maſterpiece, when placed in competition with the pieces written by our authors in the fourteenth century. Our TROUBADOURS, BAZOCHE, the company of CHILDREN WITHOUT CARE, and THE FOOLIH MOTHER, all of them fall ſhort of the *Chineſe* author. It is remarkable alſo, that this piece is written in the language of the *Mandarins*, which has never changed, whilſt we can ſcarce underſtand the language that was ſpoken in the time of *Louis* XII. and *Charles* VIII.

One can only compare the ORPHAN OF TCHAO to the *Engliſh* and *Spaniſh* tragedies of the ſixteenth century, which ſtill pleaſe beyond ſea, and on the other ſide of the *Pyrenées*. The action laſts five and twenty years, as in ſome of the monſtrous farces of SHAKESPEAR and LOPEZ DE VEGA, which are called tragedies, though they are nothing but a heap of incredible ſtories. The enemy of the houſe of *Tchao* wants to deſtroy the head of it; and for that purpoſe lets looſe upon him a great dog, whom he imagines endowed with the power of diſcovering guilt by inſtinct, as JAMES AIMAR amongſt us was ſaid to have found out thieves by his wand: at laſt he forges an order from the emperor, and ſends his enemy TCHAO a rope, a dagger,

ger, and ſome poiſon. *Tchao* ſings, according to the cuſtom of his country, and very deliberately cuts his own throat, in conſequence of that obedience, which every man owes to the divine right of the emperor of *China*. The perſecutor puts to death three hundred perſons of the family of TCHAO. The prince's widow is brought to bed of the orphan. The infant is ſaved from the rage of the tyrant, who had exterminated the whole family, and would have deſtroyed the only remaining branch of it: the tyrant orders all the children in all the towns round about to be deſtroyed, in hopes that the orphan might periſh amongſt the reſt in the general ſlaughter.

We fancy we are reading the *Arabian* Night's Entertainment put into ſcenes; and yet, in ſpite of all theſe marvellous and improbable things, it is extremely intereſting: though there is ſuch a multiplicity of events, all is clear and ſimple; a merit which muſt recommend it to every age and nation, and which is greatly wanting in our modern performances. The *Chineſe* piece is indeed very deficient with regard to all other beauties: there is no unity of time or action, no picture of the manners; no ſentiment, eloquence, reaſon, or paſſion

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in it; and yet, as I ſaid before, the work is ſuperior to any thing we could produce in former ages.

How comes it to paſs, that the *Chineſe*, who in the fourteenth century, and a long time before, could boaſt of better dramatic performances than any *European* nation, ſtill remain, as it were, in the infancy of this art, whilſt we, in proceſs of time, and by dint of pains and aſſiduity, have been able to produce about a dozen pieces, which, if they are not abſolutely perfect, are at leaſt much above any thing the reſt of the world could ever pretend to of this kind. The *Chineſe*, as well as the reſt of the *Aſiatics*, have ſtopped at the firſt elements of poetry, eloquence, natural philoſophy, aſtronomy, and painting; all practiſed by them ſo long before they were known to us. They began in every thing much ſooner than us, but made no progreſs afterwards; like the ancient *Ægyptians*, who firſt taught the *Greeks*, and became at laſt ſo ignorant, as not even to be capable of receiving inſtruction from them.

Theſe people, whom we take ſo much pains and go ſo far to viſit; from whom, with the utmoſt difficulty, we have obtained permiſſion to carry the riches

riches of *Europe*, and to inſtruct them, do not to this day know how much we are their ſuperiors; they are not even far enough advanced in knowledge to venture to imitate us, and don't ſo much as know whether we have any hiſtory or not.

The celebrated METASTASIO has made choice of pretty nearly the ſame ſubject as myſelf for one of his dramatic poems, an orphan eſcaped from the deſtruction of his family, and has drawn his plot from a dynaſty nine hundred years before our æra.

The *Chineſe* tragedy of the *Orphan of Tchao* differs in many reſpects; and I have choſen one that is not much like either of them, except in the name, as I have confined my plan to the grand epoch of GENGIS-KAN. I have endeavoured to deſcribe the manners of the *Tartars* and *Chineſe*: the moſt intereſting events are nothing when they don't paint the manners; and this painting, which is one of the greateſt ſecrets of the art, is no more than an idle amuſement, when it doth not tend to inſpire notions of honour and virtue.

I will venture to ſay, that from the HENRIADE to the publication of ZARA, and this tragedy, be

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it good or bad, ſuch is the principle by which I have always been governed; and that in my hiſtory of the age of *Lewis* XIV. I have celebrated both my king and country, without flattery to either. In labours of this kind I have ſpent above forty years of my life. But obſerve the following words of a *Chineſe* author, tranſlated into *Spaniſh* by the famous NAVARETTE.

" When you compoſe any work, ſhew it only " to your friends; dread the public, and your bro- " ther writers; for they will play falſe with you, " abuſe every thing you do, and impute to you " what you never did: calumny with her hundred " trumpets, will ſound them all to your deſtruc- " tion; whilſt truth, who is dumb, ſhall remain " with you. The celebrated MING was accuſed " of hating TIEN and LI, and the emperor VANG: " when the old man died, they found amongſt his " papers a panegyric on VANG: a hymn to TIEN, " another to LI, &c."

A LET-

A LETTER to T. I. R. C. D. G.

SIR,

I HAVE received your new book againſt mankind, and thank you for it: the truths you have advanced will, at leaſt, pleaſe thoſe whom they can never amend. It is impoſſible to paint in more lively colours, the dreadful evils of human ſociety, from which our ignorance and weakneſs draw ſo many flattering hopes of advantage: never, I believe, was ſo much wit employed to turn men into beaſts. When we read your travels, we long to go upon four legs; but having been unfortunately diſuſed to this method of walking, for above theſe ſixty years paſt, I am afraid I ſhall never recover it: I muſt, therefore, leave this moſt natural way to thoſe who are fitter for it than you and me; neither can I poſſibly go to ſea in ſearch of the ſavages of *Canada*; firſt, becauſe the diſorders I labour under, detain me under the care of the greateſt phyſician in *Europe*, and that I ſhould hardly find ſuch good aſſiſtance amongſt them; ſecondly, becauſe war is already carried into that country, and the example of our people has made the ſavages almoſt as wicked as

ourſelves. I am content with being a peaceable ſavage in the ſolitude which I have choſen, near your country, where you are ſo much wiſhed for.

I agree with you, that the the *Sciences* and *Belles-Lettres* have ſometimes cauſed a great deal of evil. The enemies of *Taſſo* made his life a perpetual ſcene of miſery, and *Galileo* was ſent to a dungeon at ſeventy years of age, for diſcovering that the earth moved; and what was ſtill more ignominious, they obliged him to recant. You know what oppoſition ſome of your friends met with when they began the *Encyclopædia*, a work as uſeful as it is laborious and immenſe, and to which you have yourſelf ſo largely contributed.

If I dare to reckon myſelf amongſt the number of thoſe whoſe labours have met with perſecution for their reward, I could ſhew you a ſet of men combining together on purpoſe to ruin me, a ſhop full of calumnies publiſhed againſt me; one man, who was known to have had obligations to me, repaying my ſervices with twenty libels; another ſtill more infamous, printing my AGE OF LEWIS XIV. with notes, full of the vileſt impoſtures, joined to the moſt groſs ignorance; another ſelling to a bookſeller, ſome chapters of an UNIVERSAL HISTORY, with my name to it; the bookſeller

ſordid

ſordid enough to print this ſhapeleſs heap of blunders, falſe dates, names, and facts; and after all, men unjuſt enough to impute to me the publication of this rhapſody. I could ſhew you, that ſociety is infected with a new race of men unknown to antiquity, who not being fit to enter into any honeſt profeſſion, either ſervice or handicraft, and unhappily having been taught to read and write, ſet up for brokers in literature, live upon the works of others, ſteal manuſcripts, disfigure and ſell them. I might complain to you, that the fragments of a little piece of pleaſantry, written near thirty years ago, on the ſame ſubject that * *Chapelain*, ſo abſurdly choſe for a ſerious poem, are crept into the world, through the avarice and baſeneſs of theſe wretches who have mixed their own coarſe ſtuff with it, and filled up the vacant places in it with as much folly as malice, and now ſell a manuſcript, which does not belong to, though it is worthy of them, and them only. I could add in the laſt place, that they have ſtolen part of the materials which I had collected from the public archives, with a view towards the hiſtory of the war in 1741, when I was hiſtoriographer of *France*; that they ſold this product of my labours to a book-

* La Pucelle d'Orleans.

ſeller

ſeller at *Paris*; that they took poſſeſſion of my papers as if I had been dead, and put them up to auction. I could ſet before your eyes ingratitude, rapine, and impoſture, purſuing me theſe forty years paſt, following me even to the foot of the *Alps*, and to the verge of my grave: but what concluſion muſt I draw from all theſe perſecutions? that I ought not to complain; that POPE, DESCARTES, BAYLE, CAMOENS, and a hundred others, have experienced the ſame, or, perhaps, greater injuſtice; and that it has been the fate of almoſt all thoſe who have given themſelves up to the *Belles Lettres*.

But theſe, ſir, are the misfortunes of a few individuals, which are unobſerved by ſociety. What is it to mankind in general, if ſome waſps ſteal away the honey from ſome bees? men of letters make a great noiſe about theſe petty diſputes, whilſt the reſt of the world either knows nothing of, or laughs at them. Of all the bitter misfortunes with which human life abounds, theſe are, perhaps, the leaſt fatal. The thorns that grow on literature, and the little reputation acquired by it, are flowers in compariſon with other evils which we are ſurrounded with. You muſt acknowledge,

that neither CICERO, nor VARRO, nor LUCRETIUS, nor VIRGIL, nor HORACE, had any part in the proſcriptions of their times. MARIUS was extremely ignorant; the barbarous SYLLA, the drunken ANTONY, the weak LEPIDUS, were no readers of PLATO and SOPHOCLES; and as for that tyrant without courage, OCTAVIUS CEPIAS, ſo ſhamefully ſtyled AUGUSTUS, he only became a deteſtable aſſaſſin, when he loſt the company of men of letters. PETRARCH and BOCCACE had no hand in the troubles of *Italy*: MAROT's trifles did not bring on the maſſacre of St. BARTHOLOMEW, nor are we indebted to the tragedy of the CID for the calamities of LA FRONDE. The greateſt crimes have always been committed by the ignorant and illiterate. What makes, and always will make, this world a vale of tears, is the inſatiable avarice, and unconquerable pride of men, from THAMAS KOULI-KAN, who could not read, down to a commiſſioner of the cuſtoms, who is juſt able to cypher. Letters nouriſh the ſoul, rectify, and comfort it; they were uſeful to you, even whilſt you were writing againſt them. You are like ACHILLES, who, was angry with glory, and father MALLEBRANCHE, who with the moſt brilliant imagination in the world, wrote againſt imagination.

If any man has a right to complain of letters, it is certainly myſelf, as in all times, and all places, they have only ſerved to perſecute and oppreſs me: but one muſt love them in ſpite of all the evils which they bring upon us, as one muſt love ſociety, though ſo many of thoſe who compoſe it endeavour to make our lives unhappy, as one ought to love our country, whatever injuſtice we meet with from it; and as we ought to love and ſerve the ſupreme Being, in ſpite of all that ſuperſtition and fanaticiſm which ſo often diſgrace his worſhip, &c.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GENGIS-KAN, Emperor of the Tartars.

OCTAR, OSMAN, } Officers under Gengis-Kan.

ZAMTI, a learned Mandarin.

IDAME, wife of Zamti.

ASSELI, friend to Idame.

ETAN, friend to Zamti.

SCENE a Mandarin's palace near the court, in the city of Cambalu, now called Pekin.

THE ORPHAN OF CHINA.

A TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

IDAME, ASSELI.

IDAME.

O Aſſelli, amidſt this ſcene of horror,
Whilſt deſolation rages thro' the land,
And the proud Tartar threatens inſtant ruin
To this devoted palace, muſt thy friend
Experience new calamities?

ASSELI.

Alas!
We all partake the gen'ral ruin; all
Muſt with the public ſorrows mix our own:
Who doth not tremble for a father's life,

A huſband's, ſon's, or brother's? ev'n within
Theſe ſacred walls, where dwells the holy band,
The miniſters of heav'n, th' interpreters
Of China's laws, with helpleſs infancy,
And feeble age; ev'n here we are not ſafe:
Who knows how far the cruel conqueror
May urge his triumphs, whilſt the thunder breaks
On ev'ry ſide, and ſoon may burſt upon us?

IDAME.

Who is this great deſtroyer, this dire ſcourge
Of Catai's ſinking empire?

ASSELI.

He is call'd
The king of kings, the fiery Gengis-Kan,
Who lays the fertile fields of Aſia waſte,
And makes it but a monument of ruin:
Already Octar, his ſucceſsful chief,
Has ſtorm'd the palace; this once pow'rful empire,
The miſtreſs of the world, is bath'd in blood!

IDAME.

Know'ſt thou, my friend, that this deſtructive tyrant,
Whom now we tremble at, who proudly thus
Treads on the necks of kings, is yet no more
Than a wild Scythian ſoldier; bred to arms

And

And practis'd in the trade of blood; who long
Had wander'd o'er the neighb'ring deſarts, there
Form'd a rude band of lawleſs rioters,
And fought his way to glory; now ſucceſsful,
And now oppreſs'd, at length by fortune led
Hither he came for refuge: Aſſeli,
I think thou muſt remember him, his name
Was Temugin.

ASSELI.

Ha! he who once addreſs'd
His vows to thee! thy angry father then
Rejected him with ſcorn; tho' now his name
Is grown ſo terrible.

IDAME.

It is the ſame:
Methought ev'n then I ſaw the riſing dawn
Of future glory: I remember well,
Ev'n when he came a beggar to the palace,
And crav'd protection, he behav'd like one
Born to command: he lov'd me; and I own
My fooliſh heart had well nigh liſten'd to him:
Perhaps it ſooth'd the woman's vanity
To hold this lion in my toils; perhaps
I hop'd in time to ſoften his rude ſoul,
And bend his ſavage fierceneſs to the ways
Of ſocial life: he might have ſerv'd the ſtate

Which now he wou'd deſtroy: our proud refuſal
Incens'd the hero; fatal may it prove
To this unhappy kingdom: well thou know'ſt
Our pride and jealouſy: the ancient laws
Of this imperial city; our religion,
Our int'reſt and our glory, all forbid
Alliance with the nations: for myſelf,
The noble Zamti merited my love,
And heav'n hath join'd me to him by the ties
Of holy marriage: who wou'd e'er have thought
This poor deſpis'd abandon'd Scythian thus
Shou'd triumph o'er us? I refus'd his hand;
I am a wife and mother; how that thought
Alarms me! he is fiery and revengeful;
A Scythian never pardons: cruel fate!
And will this valiant nation tamely yield
Its neck to ſlav'ry, and be led like ſheep
To ſlaughter?

ASSELI.

'Tis reported the Coreans
Have rais'd an army, but we know not yet
If it be true.

IDAME.

This ſad uncertainty
But doubles our diſtreſs: heav'n only knows
What we muſt ſuffer, if the emperor

Has

Has found a place of refuge, if the queen
Is fall'n beneath the tyrant's pow'r, if yet
They live; alas! the laſt ſurviving pledge
Of their unhappy nuptials, the dear infant
Entruſted to our care! I tremble for him.
Perhaps my Zamti's ſacred character
And holy office may ſubdue the hearts
Of theſe proud conqu'rors; ſavage as they are,
And thirſting for the blood of half mankind,
They yet believe there is a Pow'r above
That rules o'er all; nature in ev'ry breaſt
Hath wiſely ſtamp'd the image of its God.
I talk of hope, but have a thouſand fears
That wring my heart.

SCENE II.

IDAME, ZAMTI, ASSELI.

ASSELI.

O my unhappy lord,
Speak, what muſt be our fate? is it determin'd?
What haſt thou ſeen?

ZAMTI.

I tremble to repeat it:
We are undone: our empire is no more;

A prey to robbers: what hath it avail'd us
That we have trod in the fair paths of virtue?
Long time ſecure within the arms of peace
We ſhone illuſtrious in the rolls of time,
And gave a bright example to mankind:
From us the world receiv'd its laws; but vain
Is human worth when lawleſs pow'r prevails.
I ſaw the northern hive ruſh in upon us,
And force their paſſage through a ſea of blood;
Where'er they paſt, they ſpread deſtruction round them:
At length they ſeiz'd the palace, where the beſt
Of ſov'reigns and of men, with calm compoſure
And reſignation yielded to his fate:
The wretched queen lay fainting in his arms:
Thoſe of their num'rous ſons, whom luſty manhood
Had ſent to battle, were already ſlain:
The reſt, who nought cou'd give him but their tears,
Hung at his knees and wept; by ſecret paths
I found an entrance to the palace; there
Did I behold the cruel tyrants bind
In ignominious chains the conquer'd king,
His children, and his wife.

IDAME.

Unhappy monarch!
O what a change is this! relentleſs heav'n!

ZAM-

ZAMTI.

The wretched captive turn'd his eyes toward me,
And in the ſacred language, to the Tartar
And to the multitude unknown, cry'd out,
PRESERVE MY LAST AND ONLY HOPE—MY SON.
From my full heart I promis'd, ſwore to act
As he directed me, then fled to thee.
Whether the tyrants, buſy'd in their ſearch
Of plunder, thought not of me, or the ſymbol
Which here I wear of the Divinity
Struck their rude ſouls with reverential awe,
Or whether heav'n in kind compaſſion meant
To ſave my precious charge, and caſt a cloud
O'er their deluded eyes, I know not what
Drew their attention, but they let me paſs.

IDAME

We yet may ſave him, he ſhall go with me,
And with my ſon; old Etan ſhall conduct us:
In ſome lone wood, or ſolitary cave,
We may conceal him till the ſearch is paſt:
Thank heav'n they have not reach'd us yet.

ZAMTI.

Alas!
No place is ſacred, no aſylum's left
For the dear royal infant: I expect

The brave Coreans, but they'll come too late:
But let us ſeize the favourable hour,
And lodge our precious pledge in ſafety.

SCENE III.

ZAMTI, IDAME, ASSELI, ETAN.

ZAMTI.

Etan,
Thou ſeem'ſt diſorder'd; what's the news?

IDAME.

My lord,
We muſt away; the Scythian has prevail'd,
And all is loſt.

ETAN.

You are obſerv'd, and flight
Is now impoſſible: a guard is plac'd
Around us: all obey the conqueror,
And tremble at his pow'r: the emp'ror's loſs
Fills ev'ry heart with terror.

ZAMTI.

Is he dead?

IDAME.

O heav'n!

ETAN.

ETAN.

It was indeed a dreadful ſight:
Himſelf, his queen, his children, butcher'd all;
A race divine, reſpected, lov'd, ador'd;
Their headleſs trunks expos'd to the deriſion
Of their proud conqu'ror, whilſt their trembling ſubjects
Submiſſive bend beneath the yoke, nor dare
To ſhed a tear o'er thoſe whom long they lov'd.
At length our haughty lord, grown tir'd of conqueſt,
And fatiated with blood, proclaim'd to all
The terms of life, eternal ſlavery.
This northern tyrant, whom the wrath of heav'n
Hath ſent for our deſtruction, once contemn'd
And ſpurn'd at by our court, returns to glut
His vengeance on us: theſe wild ſons of rapine,
Who live in tents, in chariots, and in fields,
Will never brook confinement 'midſt the walls
Of this cloſe city; they deteſt our arts,
Our cuſtoms, and our laws; and therefore mean
To change 'em all; to make this ſplendid ſeat
Of empire one vaſt deſart, like their own.

IDAME.

IDAME.

I know the conqu'ror comes to ſate his vengeance
On this unhappy kingdom: whilſt I liv'd
Unnotic'd and obſcure, I might have hope
Of ſafety; but that hope is now no more:
The night is paſt that hid me from the eye
Of perſecution, and I muſt be wretched.
Thrice happy thoſe, who to a tyrant maſter
Are ſtill unknown.

ZAMTI.

Who knows but gracious heav'n
May interpoſe and ſave the royal infant:
'Tis our firſt duty to preſerve the charge
Committed to our care, and guard him well.
What comes this Tartar for?

IDAME.

O heav'n! defend us,

SCENE IV.

OCTAR.

Hear, ſlaves; and let your anſwer be—obedience:
An infant yet remains, of royal race,
Amongſt you: in the conqu'rors name I here
Command

Command you to deliver him—to me.
I ſhall expect him here: begone; delay
Were dang'rous: bring him inſtantly, or know,
Deſtruction waits on all, but firſt on you.
The day's far ſpent; ere night he muſt be found:
Remember, and obey.

SCENE V.

ZAMTI, IDAME.

IDAME.

O dreadful meſſage!
For what are we reſerv'd? Alas! my lord,
Ne'er till this day of blood did crimes like this
Affright my ſoul: you anſwer not, but ſend
Your fruitleſs ſighs to heav'n. Sweet innocent,
Muſt we then give thee up a ſacrifice
To brutal rage?

ZAMTI.

I've promis'd, ſworn to ſave him.

IDAME.

What can thy oaths, thy promiſes avail?
Thou canſt not keep them; ev'ry hope is loſt.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

And wou'dſt thou have me ſacrifice the ſon
Of my lov'd ſov'reign?

IDAME.

O I cannot bear
To think of it; my eyes are bath'd in tears.
O were I not a mother, wou'd kind heav'n
But grant me now to ſhorten my ſad days,
Then wou'd I ſay to Zamti, come, my lord,
We'll die together; all is loſt to us,
And we will periſh with our country.

ZAMTI.

Who
That ſees the wretched fate of Catai's kings
Wou'd wiſh to live? what is this phantom death,
That thus appalls mankind? the wretch's hope,
The villain's terror, and the brave man's ſcorn:
Without reluctance, and without regret,
The wiſe expect and meet him as a friend.

IDAME.

What ſecret purpoſe labours in your breaſt?
Your cheek is pale, your eyes are fill'd with tears;
My

My ſympathiſing heart feels all your ſorrows,
And wou'd relieve them; what have you reſolv'd?

ZAMTI.

To keep my oath; therefore away, and watch
The royal infant: I ſhall follow you.

IDAME.

Alas! a woman's tears can ne'er defend him.

SCENE VI.

ZAMTI, ETAN.

ETAN.

Vain is your care, your kind compaſſion vain,
For he muſt die; the nation's weal demands it.
Think rather how thou may'ſt preſerve thy country.

ZAMTI.

Yes, I will make the dreadful ſacrifice.
Etan, I know thou hold'ſt this empire dear;
Yes, thou ador'ſt the God of heav'n and earth,
As worſhipp'd by our anceſtors; that God
Our Bonzees know not, and our tyrant's ſcorn.

ETAN.

ETAN.

In him I truſt, on him alone rely
For my own comfort, and my country's ſafety.

ZAMTI.

Swear then by him, and his all-ruling pow'r,
That thou wilt bury in eternal ſilence
The ſolemn ſecret that I mean to pour
Into thy faithful boſom: ſwear, thy hand
Shall ſtill be ready to perform whate'er
Thy duty and thy God by me command.

ETAN.

I ſwear; and may the mis'ries that have fall'n
On this unhappy kingdom light on me,
If ever I am falſe in word or deed!

ZAMTI.

I cannot now recede: then mark me, Etan.

ETAN.

Alas! thou weep'ſt: amidſt the gen'ral ruin
Can there be cauſe for added grief?

ZAMTI.

The doom
Is paſt, my friend, and cannot be revers'd.

ETAN.

I know it cannot; but a ſtranger's ſon—

ZAMTI.

A ſtranger! he, my king!

ETAN.

When I remember
He is our emp'ror's child, I ſhudder at it:
What's to be done?

ZAMTI.

My path thou ſee'ſt, is here
Preſcrib'd, and ev'ry action noted down
By our new tyrants; thou may'ſt act with freedom
Becauſe unknown and unobſerv'd: thou know'ſt
The orphan's place of refuge: for a time
We may conceal him 'midſt the ſecret tombs
Of our great anceſtors; then ſhelter him
Beneath Corea's chief: he will protect
The royal infant: leave the reſt to me.

ETAN.

And how will you appear without him, how
Appeaſe the conqu'ror?

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

I have wherewithal.
To glut his vengeance.

ETAN.

You, my lord?

ZAMTI.

O nature!
O cruel duty!

ETAN.

How—

ZAMTI.

I have a ſon,
An only child, now in his cradle—go
And ſeize him.

ETAN.

Ha! your ſon!

ZAMTI.

To ſave—my king.
Away, and let him—but I can no more.

ETAN.

Alas! my lord, what a command is this!
I never can obey it.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Think on Zamti;
Think on his love, his weakneſs, his misfortune,
Thy duty, and—thy oath.

ETAN.

'Twas raſh and vain:
Thou didſt extort it from me: I admire
Thy gen'rous purpoſe; but if as a friend
I might be heard—

ZAMTI.

No more; I've heard too much
Already: what is all that thou could'ſt ſay
To what a father feels? When nature's ſilenc'd,
Friendſhip ſhou'd urge no longer.

ETAN.

I obey.

ZAMTI.

Leave me for pity's ſake.

SCENE VIII.

ZAMTI. [Alone.

Is nature ſilent?
O wretched father! ſtill thou hear'ſt that voice

So

So fatal and ſo dear: O drown it, heav'n,
In ſweet oblivion; do not let my wife
And her dear babe diſtract this heart; O heal
My wounded heart: but man is far too weak
To conquer nature: let thy aid divine
Support me, and aſſiſt my feeble virtue!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ZAMTI. [Alone.

THIS tardy Etan, wherefore comes he not
To tell me—what I dread to hear?
Ere this the dreadful ſacrifice is paſt:
I had not power to offer it myſelf.
O my dear child, how ſhall I aſk my friend
The horrid queſtion, how conceal my grief?

SCENE

SCENE II.

ZAMTI, ETAN.

ZAMTI.

I ſee 'tis done; I know it by thy tears;
They ſpeak ſo plainly.

ETAN.

Thy unhappy ſon—

ZAMTI.

No more of that: ſpeak of our empire's hope,
The royal infant; is he ſafe?

ETAN.

He is:
Within the tombs of his great anceſtors,
Conceal'd from ev'ry eye; to you he owes
A life begun in miſery, perhaps
A fatal gift.

ZAMTI.

It is enough, he lives.
O you, to whom I pay this cruel duty,
Forgive a father's tears.

ETAN.

ETAN.

Alas! my lord,
You muſt not give a looſe to ſorrow here:
'Tis dang'rous ev'n to weep.

ZAMTI.

And whither, Etan,
Muſt I tranſport my griefs? how bear the cries,
The bitter anguiſh, the deſpair, the rage,
The execrations of a frantic mother?
May we not yet deceive her for a time?

ETAN.

We ſeiz'd him in her abſence, and I flew
To guard the orphan king.

ZAMTI.

Awhile, my friend,
We might impoſe on her credulity.
Could'ſt thou not ſay we had deliver'd up
The royal orphan, and conceal'd her ſon
In ſafety? Truth is often moſt deſtructive,
And ſtill we love it, tho' it makes us wretched.
Come, Etan, let us home—O heav'n! ſhe's here!
Obſerve her, what deſpair and terror dwell
On her pale cheek!

SCENE

SCENE III.

ZAMTI, IDAME.

IDAME.

Barbarian, can it be?
Cou'd Zamti e'er command it? cou'd he offer
The dreadful ſacrifice? I'll not believe it:
Thou cou'dſt not be more cruel than the laws
Of our proud conqu'rors, or the Tartar's ſword.
Alas! thou weep'ſt.

ZAMTI.

Thou too muſt weep with Zamti.
But thou muſt join with him to ſave thy king.

IDAME.

What! ſacrifice my child!

ZAMTI.

It muſt be ſo:
Thou wer't a ſubject ere thou wert a mother.

IDAME.

Has nature then loſt all her influence o'er
A father's heart?

ZAMTI.

She has too much; but ne'er
Shall thwart my duty.

IDAME.

'Tis a barb'rous virtue,
And I abhor it: I have ſeen, like thee,
Our empire loſt, and wept our ſov'reign's fate;
But why pour forth an infant's guiltleſs blood,
Yet undemanded; why revere as gods
Your ſleeping kings, that moulder in the tomb?
Hath Zamti ſworn to them that he wou'd kill
His darling child? alas! the rich and poor,
The monarch and the ſlave, are equal all
By nature; all alike to ſorrow born,
Each has his ſhare; and in the gen'ral wreck,
All duty bids us is—to ſave our own.
O had I fall'n into the ſnare, and ſtaid
A moment longer with the royal orphan,
My child had fall'n into the cruel hands
Of ruffians; but I wou'd have periſh'd with him.
Nature and love recall'd me, and I ſnatch'd
My lovely infant from the raviſhers,
Preſerv'd the ſon and mother; ſav'd ev'n thee,
Thou barb'rous father.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Doth my ſon then live?

IDAME.

He doth; and thou ſhou'dſt bend to gracious heav'n
For goodneſs thus unmerited: repent,
And be a father.

ZAMTI.

O almighty pow'r,
Forgive the joy that, ſpite of all my firmneſs,
Thus mingles with my tears: alas! my love,
Vain are our hopes of happineſs, and vain
Thy fond endeavours to prolong the life
Of our dear infant; theſe inhuman tyrants
Will force him from us; he muſt yield to fate.

IDAME.

But hear me, deareſt Zamti.

ZAMTI.

He muſt die.

IDAME.

Barbarian, ſtay, and tremble at the rage
Of an afflicted deſp'rate mother.

ZAMTI.

I
Shall do my duty, you may give up your's,
And ſacrifice your huſband to the foe:
This is a day of blood; let Zamti join
His murther'd king, and periſh with his country.

IDAME.

What is your country, what your king to me?
The name of ſubject is not half ſo ſacred
As huſband or as father. Love and nature
Are heav'n's firſt great unalterable laws,
And cannot be revers'd: the reſt are all
From mortal man, and may be chang'd at pleaſure.
Wou'd I cou'd ſave the royal heir, but not
By the much dearer blood of Zamti's ſon!
Pity a wretched mother; on my knees
I beg thee, cruel Zamti: O remember
For whom I ſlighted this proud conqueror,
This mighty warrior; was it not for thee?
And wilt thou not protect My ſon, not hear
The voice of nature pleading for thy child?

ZAMTI.

It is too much; thou doſt abuſe the pow'r

Which

Which love has giv'n thee o'er thy Zamti's heart:
Cou'dſt thou but ſee——

IDAME.

I own, my lord, I feel
A mother's weakneſs, and a mother's ſorrows;
Yet may I boaſt a heart as firm as thine:
Away, and lead me on to death: I'm ready
To periſh for my ſon.

ZAMTI.

I know thy virtues.

SCENE IV.

ZAMTI, IDAME, OCTAR, Guards.

OCTAR.

Where are theſe traitors? why are my commands
Thus diſobey'd? what have ye done with him,
The orphan prince? guards, bring him to our preſence,
The emperor approaches; let him ſee
The victim at his feet: you, ſoldiers, watch
Theſe rebels.

ZAMTI.

I obey, my lord, the orphan
Shall be deliver'd up.

IDAME.

'Tis falſe; he ſhall not:
I'll ſooner loſe my life than part with him.

OCTAR.

Guards, take this woman hence: the emp'ror comes.

SCENE V.

GENGIS, OCTAR, OSMAN, Guards.

GENGIS.

At length, my friends, 'tis time to ſheath the ſword,
And let the vanquiſh'd breathe; I've ſpread deſtruction
And terror thro' the land, but I will give
The nation peace: the royal infant's death
Shall ſatisfy my wrath; with him ſhall rot
The ſeeds of foul rebellion; all the plots,
Feuds, and diviſions, fears and jealouſies,
That whilſt the phantom of a royal heir
Subſiſts, muſt diſunite us, he alone
Of all the hated race remains, and he
Shall follow them: henceforth we ſhall not raſe
Their boaſted works, their monuments of art,

Their

Their ſacred laws; for ſacred they eſteem
The muſty rolls, which ſuperſtition taught
Their anceſtors to worſhip; be it ſo,
The error may be uſeful, it employs
The people, and may make them more obedient.

[To Octar.

Octar, to thee I ſhall commit the pow'r,
To bear my ſtandard to the weſtern world.

[To another officer.

Rule thou in conquer'd India, and interpret
Thy ſov'reign's great decrees; from Samarcand
To Tanais' borders, I ſhall ſend my ſons.
Away!—Stay, Octar.

SCENE VI.

GENGIS, OCTAR.

GENGIS.

Cou'dſt thou e'er have thought
Fortune wou'd raiſe me to this height of glory?
That I ſhou'd reign ſupreme, and triumph here,
Ev'n in this palace, where diſgrac'd and wretched
I ſought in vain for refuge, and was treated
With inſolence and ſcorn? The proud poſſeſſors
Of this unconquer'd empire then diſdain'd

A Scythian, and a haughty fair refus'd
That hand which now directs the fate of millions.

OCTAR.

Amidst this scene of glory, how, my lord,
Can thoughts like these disturb you?

GENGIS.

Still the wrongs
I suffer'd in adversity oppress me:
I own'd the weakness of my foolish heart,
And hop'd to find that happiness in love,
Which glory, wealth, and empire, cannot give.
It hurts my pride to think how I was spurn'd
By that contemptuous woman: she shall know,
At least, and see the object of her scorn.
To have her mourn the honours that she lost
In losing Gengis will be some revenge.

OCTAR.

The shouts of victʼry, and the voice of fame,
Have been so long familiar to my ears,
That I have little relish for the plaints
Of whining love.

GENGIS.

Nor has thy friend indulg'd
That fatal passion since her proud refusal:

I own

I own the fair Idame won my heart,
By charms unknown before: our barren deſarts
Cou'd ne'er produce a face like hers, a mind
So form'd to pleaſe; her ev'ry motion fir'd
My captive ſoul, but her imprudent ſcorn
Reſtor'd my freedom; nobler objects claim
A monarch's care; I'll think no more of her;
Let her repent at leiſure of her pride.
Octar, I charge thee, talk not of Idame.

OCTAR.

You have, indeed, affairs of greater moment
That call for your attention.

GENGIS.

Then farewell
To love, and all its follies.

SCENE VII.

GENGIS, OCTAR, OSMAN.

OSMAN.

O my lord,
The victim was prepar'd, the guard was rang'd
On ev'ry ſide, when (wonderful to tell!)
A ſtrange event perplex'd us all.—A woman,
Of frantic mien, with wild diſhevell'd hair,

And bath'd in tears, ruſh'd in upon us; ſtop,
Aloud ſhe cry'd, inhuman ruffians, ſtop,
It is my ſon; you've been deceiv'd: 'tis not
The emp'ror's child, but mine: her eyes, her voice,
Her fury, her deſpair, her ev'ry geſture,
Was nature's language all, and ſpoke the mother:
When lo! her huſband came, with downcaſt eyes
And gloomy aſpect; ſullenly he cry'd,
This is the royal orphan, this the blood
Which you demanded, take it: as he ſpake,
Faſt flow'd his tears. The wretched matron, pale
And motionleſs awhile, and ſtruck with death,
Fell proſtrate; then, long as her fault'ring voice
Cou'd utter the imperfect ſound, cry'd out,
Give me my ſon! her ſorrows were ſincere,
Never was grief more bitter; doubts aroſe
Amongſt us, and I came to know your orders.

GENGIS.

If 'tis the work of art, I will explore
The myſt'ry ſoon, and wo to the deceivers:
Think they to caſt a veil before my eyes,
And mock their ſov'reign? let 'em if they dare.

OCTAR.

OCTAR.

My lord, this woman never can deceive us;
The emp'ror's ſon was plac'd beneath her care;
A maſter's child might eaſily attract
The faithful ſervant's love, and danger make
The charge more precious ſtill; the ties of nature
Are not more ſtrong than thoſe of fantaſy:
But we ſhall ſoon unravel it.

GENGIS.

Who is
This woman?

OCTAR.

Wife of a proud mandarin:
One of thoſe letter'd ſages who defy
The pow'r of kings; a num'rous band! but now,
Thank heav'n, reduc'd by thy victorious arms
To ſlav'ry: Zamti is the traitor's name
Who watches o'er the victim.

GENGIS.

Go, my Octar,
Interrogate this guilty pair, and learn,
If poſſible, the truth: let all our guards
Be ready at their poſts: they talk, it ſeems,
Of a ſurprize: that the Coreans mean

To march againſt us on the river's bank:
An army hath been ſeen: we ſoon ſhall know
What bold advent'rers are ſo fond of death,
To court deſtruction from the ſons of war,
And force 'em to depopulate mankind.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

GENGIS, OCTAR, OSMAN, Attendants.

GENGIS.

WHAT ſay the captives, is the fraud diſcover'd,
And vengeance taken on theſe vile impoſtors?
Have they deliver'd up the orphan prince
To Octar?

OSMAN.

Pray'rs, and threats, and torments, all
Are vain: th' undaunted Zamti ſtill perſiſts

In

In his firſt anſwer: on his open brows
Are grav'd the marks of truth: the mournful fair one,
Whoſe grief but adds new luſtre to her charms,
With tears inceſſant and heart-rending ſighs,
Moves ev'ry heart: ſpite of ourſelves we wept
Her wretched fate; ne'er did my eyes behold
A ſweeter mourner: ſhe intreats to ſee
And ſpeak with you; the conqueror of kings,
She hopes, will hear the wretched, and in wrath
Remember mercy; that he will protect
A guiltleſs child, and ſhew mankind his goodneſs
Is like is pow'r, unlimited. 'Twas thus,
My lord, ſhe ſpake of you, and I have promis'd
She ſhall have audience.

GENGIS. [To one of the attendants.
Bid her enter: now
We ſhall unravel this deep myſtery;
But let her not imagine a few ſighs,
And bidden tears, can e'er impoſe on me:
I have experienc'd all theſe female arts,
But I defy 'em now: let her be careful,
Her life depends on her ſincerity.

OSMAN.

My lord, ſhe comes.

GENGIS.

GENGIS.

What do I ſee? O heav'n!
It cannot be Idame, ſure my ſenſes.——

SCENE II.

GENGIS, IDAME, OCTAR, OSMAN, Guards.

IDAME.

My lord, I came not to ſolicit pardon;
My forfeit life is yours, I aſk not for it:
Why ſhou'd I wiſh for years of added woe?
But ſpare a guitleſs infant.

GENGIS.

Riſe, Idame;
Fate conquers all, it has deceiv'd us both.
If heav'n hath rais'd a poor inhabitant
Of Scythia, once the object of your ſcorn,
To pow'r and ſplendor, you have nought to fear:
The emp'ror never will revenge the wrongs
Of Temugin; but public good demands
The royal victim; 'tis a ſacrifice
Which muſt be made: for your own ſon, myſelf
Will be his guard: I promiſe to protect him.

IDAME.

IDAME.

Then I am happy.

GENGIS.

But inform me, madam,
What is this fraud, this myſtery between you?
For I muſt know it all.

IDAME.

O ſpare the wretched.

GENGIS.

Have I not cauſe to hate this Zamti?

IDAME.

You,
My lord?

GENGIS.

I've ſaid too much.

IDAME.

Reſtore my child,
You've promis'd it.

GENGIS.

His pardon muſt depend
On you alone: you know I have been injur'd,
My

My favours ſcorn'd, my orders diſobey'd:
Who is this Zamti, this reſpected lord,
This huſband? in that name alone compris'd
Is ev'ry guilt: what charms has he to boaſt
Who braves me thus?

IDAME.

He was my only comfort,
My joy, my happineſs, the beſt of men;
He ſerv'd his God, his country, and his king.

GENGIS.

How long, Idame, have you been united?

IDAME.

E'er ſince the fatal time, when wayward fortune
Eſpous'd thy cauſe, and gave a tyrant pow'r
To ſcourge mankind.

GENGIS.

I underſtand you, madam;
E'er ſince the time you mean, when I was ſcorn'd
By a proud beauty; when this country firſt
Deſerv'd the chains which it was doom'd to wear.

SCENE

SCENE III.

GENGIS, OCTAR, OSMAN. [On one ſide of the ſtage.

IDAME and ZAMTI. [On the other. Guards.

GENGIS.

What ſay'ſt thou, ſlave? haſt thou deliver'd up
The emp'ror's ſon?

ZAMTI.

I have, my lord, 'tis done:
I have fulfill'd my duty.

GENGIS.

Well thou know'ſt
Nor fraud, nor inſolence eſcape my vengeance:
If thou haſt dar'd to hide him from my wrath,
He muſt be found, his death ſhall follow thine.
[To the guards.
Seize and deſtroy that infant.

ZAMTI.

Wretched father!

IDAME.

Stay, cruel tyrant, ſtay, is this your pity,
Is this your promiſe?

GENGIS.

GENGIS.

I have been deceiv'd;
Explain the myſt'ry, madam, or he dies.

IDAME.

I'll tell thee all; and if it be a crime
To follow nature, and obey her laws,
If ſtill thy cruel ſpirit thirſts for blood,
Let all your anger light on me, but ſpare
The noble Zamti. To our mutual care
The emperor entruſted his dear ſon:
Thou know'ſt too well what ſcenes of horrid ſlaughter
Follow'd thy cruel victory, and mark'd
Thy ſteps with blood; that might have ſatisfy'd
A leſs inhuman conqu'ror: when thy ſlaves
Demanded our laſt hope, the royal heir,
My gen'rous Zamti, faithful to his king,
To duty gave up all, and ſacrific'd
His ſon, nor liſten'd to the pow'rful voice
Of nature; I admir'd that patriot firmneſs
I had not ſtrength to imitate: alas!
I am a mother, how cou'd I conſent
To my child's death? my terrors, my deſpair,
My rage, my anguiſh, all too plainly ſpoke
What Zamti ſtrove to hide. Behold, my lord,
The wretched father, he deſerves your pity;

So

So does my guiltleſs infant: puniſh me,
And me alone. Forgive me, deareſt Zamti,
Forgive a mother's tenderneſs, forgive
A wife that loves thee and wou'd ſave thy ſon.

ZAMTI.

I have forgiv'n thee, and, thank heav'n, my king,
The royal infant's ſafe.

GENGIS.

'Tis falſe; be gone,
And find him, traitor, or thou dy'ſt; atone
For thy paſt crimes.

ZAMTI.

The crime were to obey
A tyrant, but my royal maſter's voice
Cries from the tomb, and bids me tell thee, Gengis
Thou art my conqueror, but not my king:
Were Zamti born thy ſubject, he had been
Moſt faithful to thee: I have ſacrific'd
My ſon, and think'ſt thou I can fear to die?

GENGIS. [To the guard.

Away with him.

IDAME.

O ſtay.

GENGIS.

I'll hear no more.

IDAME.

IDAME.

I have deſerv'd thy anger, I alone
Shou'd feel thy vengeance: thou haſt ſlain my king,
And now my huſband and my child muſt fall
By thy deſtructive hand: inhuman tyrant,
When will thy wrath be ſatisfy'd?

GENGIS.

Away:
Follow thy guilty huſband: dar'ſt thou plead
For mercy, thou reproach me?

IDAME.

Then all hope
Is loſt.

GENGIS.

If e'er I think of clemency,
It muſt not be till ample reparation
Is made for all my wrongs: you underſtand me,

SCENE IV.

GENGIS, OCTAR.

GENGIS.

What means this flutt'ring heart, and wherefore thus
Steals from my breaſt th' involuntary ſigh?

Some

Some pow'r divine protects her: O my Octar,
What ſecret charms have innocence and beauty,
That proud authority ſhou'd thus ſubmit
To own their influence? I have loſt myſelf
And want a friend; O lend me thy kind counſel.

OCTAR.

Since I muſt ſpeak, I'll ſpeak with freedom; know then,
This dang'rous branch of a deteſted race
Muſt be cut off, or we are not ſecure
In our new conqueſt; victory's beſt guard
Is rigour; by ſeverity alone
Your pow'r can be eſtabliſh'd. Time, my lord,
Will bring back order and tranquility;
The people by degrees forget their wrongs,
Or pardon them: you then may reign in peace.

GENGIS.

And can it be Idame, that proud beauty,
Giv'n to another, to my mortal foe!

OCTAR.

She merits not your pity, but your hate;
I cannot, muſt not think you ever lov'd her;
T'was but a ſhort and momentary flame,
That ſparkled and expir'd; her cruel ſcorn,
Her proud refuſal, and the hand of time,

Have

Have quite extinguiſh'd it; ſhe is no more
To Gengis now than the ignoble wife,
Of an abandon'd traitor.

GENGIS.

He ſhall die;
A ſlave! a rival!

OCTAR.

Wherefore lives he yet?
Strike, and revenge thyſelf.

GENGIS.

I know not why,
But my fond heart ſtill trembles at the thought
Of inj'ring her: ſubdued by beauty's tears
I dare not hurt a rival and a ſlave;
Ev'n in the huſband I reſpect the wife:
Is love indeed ſo great a conqueror,
And muſt I grace his triumphs?

OCTAR.

All I know,
And all I wiſh for, is to follow thee,
The rattling chariot, and the ſounding bow,
The fiery courſers, and the din of arms:
Theſe are my paſſions, theſe the joys of Octar:
I am a ſtranger to the ſighs of love,
And think them far beneath the royal ſoul

Of Gengis; they debaſe a character
So great as thine.

GENGIS.

I know my pow'r, I know
That I cou'd make her mine: but what avails
The faireſt form without the conquer'd heart?
Where is the joy to preſs within our arms
A trembling ſlave? to ſee her beauteous eyes
For ever bath'd in tears, and her full heart
Oppreſs'd with ſorrow? 'tis a barb'rous triumph:
The ſavage herd, that thro' the foreſt roam,
Enjoy more peace, and boaſt a purer love:
The fair Idame has ſome ſecret pow'r
That charms me more than victory and empire:
I thought I cou'd have drove her from my heart,
But ſhe returns, and triumphs.

SCENE V.

GENGIS, OCTAR, OSMAN.

GENGIS.

Well: what ſays ſhe?

OSMAN.

That ſhe will periſh with her huſband rather
That tell the place where, hid from every eye,
The orphan lies conceal'd; the tender huſband
Supports,

Supports her in his arms; with added courage
Inſpires her ſoul, and teaches her to die.
They wiſh to be united in the grave;
The people throng around, and ev'ry eye
Is wet with tears, lamenting their ſad fate.

GENGIS.

And does Idame talk of death from me?
Fly, Oſman, fly, tell her I hold her life
As ſacred as my own: away.

SCENE VI.

GENGIS, OCTAR.

OCTAR.

This infant,
Concerning him, my lord—what's to be done?

GENGIS.

Nothing.

OCTAR.

You gave commands he ſhou'd be torn
Ev'n from Idame's boſom.

GENGIS.

We muſt think
Of that hereafter.

OCTAR.

What if they ſhou'd hide——

GENGIS.

GENGIS.

He cannot 'ſcape us.

OCTAR.

Still ſhe may deceive you.

GENGIS.

Idame is incapable of fraud.

OCTAR.

And wou'd you then preſerve the royal race?

GENGIS.

I wou'd preſerve Idame; for the reſt
'Tis equal all, diſpoſe it as thou wilt:
Go, bring her hither—ſtay—my Octar—try
If thou canſt ſoften this rebellious ſlave,
This Zamti, and perſuade him to obey me.
We will not heed this infant; he ſhall make me
A nobler ſacrifice.

OCTAR.

Who, he, my lord?

GENGIS.

Ay, he.

OCTAR.

What hopeſt thou?

GENGIS.

To ſubdue Idame,
To ſee her, to adore her, to be lov'd
By that ungrateful fair one; or to take
My full revenge, to puniſh her, and die.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

GENGIS. [A troop of Tartarian ſoldiers.

ARE theſe my promis'd joys? is this the fruit
Of all my labours? where's the liberty,
The reſt I hoped for? I but feel the weight
Without the joys of pow'r: I want Idame,
And, 'ſtead of her, a croud of buſy ſlaves
Are ever thronging round me.

[To his attendants.

Hence, away,
And guard the city walls; theſe proud Coreans
May think to find us unprepar'd; already,
It ſeems, they have proclaim'd their orphan king;

But

But I'll be duped no longer; he ſhall die.
I am diſtracted with a thouſand cares,
Dangers, and plots, and foes on ev'ry ſide;
Intruding rivals, and a wayward people,
Oppreſs me: when I was a poor unknown,
I was more happy.

SCENE II.

OCTAR, GENGIS.

GENGIS.

Well, my friend, you've ſeen
This proud preſumptuous mandarin: what ſays he?

OCTAR.

He is inflexible; nor threats alarm,
Nor promiſes allure him: ſtill he talks
Of duty and of virtue, as if we
Were vanquiſh'd ſlaves, and he the conqueror.
I bluſh to think how we demean'd ourſelves,
By talking to a wretch, whom by a word
We might deſtroy: let the ungrateful pair
Periſh together; mutual is their crime,
And mutual be their puniſhment.

GENGIS.

'Tis ſtrange,
That ſentiments like theſe, to us unknown,
Shou'd riſe in mortal breaſts: without a groan,
A murmur, or complaint, a father breaks
The ties of nature, and wou'd ſacrifice
His child to pleaſe the manes of his ſov'reign,
And the fond wife wou'd die to ſave her lord.
The more I ſee, the more muſt I admire
This wond'rous people, great in arts and arms,
In learning and in manners great: their kings
On wiſdom's baſis founded all their pow'r;
They gave the nations law, by virtue reign'd,
And govern'd without conqueſt; nought hath heav'n
Beſtow'd on us but force; our only art
Is cruel war; our buſineſs, to deſtroy.
What have I gain'd by all my victories,
By all my guilty laurels ſtain'd with blood?
The tears, the ſighs, the curſes of mankind.
Perhaps, my friend, there is a nobler fame,
And worthier of our ſearch: my heart in ſecret
Is jealous of their virtues; I wou'd wiſh,
All conqu'ror as I am, to imitate
The vanquiſh'd.

OCTAR.

OCTAR.

Can you then admire their weakneſs?
What are their boaſted arts, the puny offspring
Of luxury and vice, that cannot ſave them
From ſlavery and death? the ſtrong and brave
Are born to rule, the feeble to obey:
Labour and courage conquer all; but you
Tamely ſubmit, a voluntary ſlave:
And muſt the brave companions of your toil
Behold their honour ſtain'd, their glory loſt,
Their king dependent on a woman's ſmile?
Their honeſt hearts with indignation glow;
By me they ſpeak, by me reproach thee, Gengis:
Excuſe a friend, a fellow-ſoldier, grown
Old in thy ſervice; one who cannot bear
This am'rous ſickneſs of the ſoul, and longs
To guide thy footſteps to the paths of glory.

GENGIS.

Go, fetch Idame.

OCTAR.

What, my lord—

GENGIS.

Obey:
Nor dare to murmur; 'tis a ſubject's part
To rev'rence ev'n the weakneſs of his maſter.

SCENE III.

GENGIS. Alone.

'Tis not in mortals to reſiſt their fate;
She muſt be mine; what's victory without her?
I have made thouſands wretched, and am now
Myſelf unhappy: 'midſt the venal croud
Of ſlaves that court my favour, is there one
That can relieve the anguiſh of my ſoul,
Or fill my heart with real bliſs? I wanted
Some happy error, ſome deluſive joy,
To mitigate the ſorrows of a king,
And leſſen the oppreſſive weight of empire;
But Octar, who ſhou'd heal, hath prob'd my wounds
Too deeply; I have none but monſters round me,
Blood-thirſty ſlaves, unfeeling, mercileſs,
And cruel, diſciplin'd to blood and ſlaughter:
O for a few ſoft hours of gentle love
To brighten this dark ſcene! they ſhall not judge,
Shall not arraign the conduct of their king:
Where is Idame? — ha! ſhe comes.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

GENGIS, IDAME.

IDAME.

My lord,
'Tis cruel to inſult a friendleſs woman,
And add freſh weight to her calamities.

GENGIS.

Be not alarm'd; your huſband yet may live;
My vengeance is ſuſpended for a while,
And for thy ſake I will be merciful:
Perhaps it was decreed by heav'n Idame
Shou'd be reſerv'd to captivate her maſter,
To bend the ſtubborn fierceneſs of his nature,
And ſoften his rude heart: you underſtand me;
My laws permit divorce: embrace the offer,
And make the ſov'reign of the world your own.
I know you love me not, but think what joys
Surround a throne; think how thy country's good,
Her welfare, and her happineſs depend
On thy reſolve: I know it moves thy wonder
To ſee a haughty conqu'ror at thy feet:
Forget my pow'r, forget my cruelty,
Weigh your own intereſt well, and ſpeak my fate.

IDAME.

I am indeed ſurpris'd, and ſo perhaps
Will Gengis be when I ſhall anſwer him:
There was a time, my lord, you well remember,
When he who holds the ſubject world in awe,
This terror of the nations, was no more
Than a poor ſoldier, friendleſs and unknown;
He offer'd me the pure unſpotted heart
Of Temugin, and I with pleaſure then
Wou'd have receiv'd it.

GENGIS.

Ha! coud'ſt thou have lov'd me?

IDAME.

Perhaps I might; but thoſe to whom I owe
My firſt obedience, doom'd me to another:
Thou know'ſt the pow'r of parents o'er their children;
They are the image of that God we ſerve,
And next to them ſhou'd be obey'd: this empire
Was founded on paternal right, on juſtice,
Honour, and public faith, and holy marriage;
And if it be the ſacred will of heav'n
That it muſt fall a ſacrifice to thee,
And thy ſucceſsful crimes, th' enlivening ſpirit

That

That long ſupported it ſhall never periſh:
Your fate has chang'd; Idame's never can.

GENGIS.

Coud'ſt thou have lov'd me then?

IDAME.

I cou'd, my lord,
And therefore never muſt hereafter think
On Gengis; I am bound in ſacred bonds
To Zamti; nay, I'll tell the more; I love him,
Prefer him to the ſplendor of a throne,
And all the honours thou can'ſt laviſh on me:
Think not it ſooths my vanity to ſpurn
A conqu'ror; all I wiſh is to fulfil
My duty, and do juſtice to myſelf:
Beſtow your favours on ſome grateful heart,
Worthier than mine, that will with joy receive them:
May I implore you to conceal from Zamti
Theſe proffer'd terms? 'twou'd wound his ſoul to think
My truth to him had ever thus been queſtion'd.

GENGIS.

He knows what I expect, and will obey
If he deſires to live.

IDAME.

He never will:
Tho' cruel torments ſhou'd extort from him

A feign'd ſubmiſſion, my firm conſtancy
Wou'd ſoon recall him to the paths of duty,
Of honour, truth, and virtue.

GENGIS.

Can it be,
When this ungen'rous huſband wou'd have giv'n
Thy ſon to death?

IDAME.

He did: he lov'd his country:
It was a noble crime, and I forgive him:
He acted like a hero, and Idame
Like the fond mother: ev'n if I had hated,
I wou'd not have been falſe to him.

GENGIS.

Amazing!
Reſiſtance but enflames my paſſion for thee,
And the more injur'd, I but love thee more:
Yet know, I have a ſoul that's capable
Of rage as well as tenderneſs.

IDAME.

I know
Thou art the maſter here, and life or death
Depend on thee: but tremble at the laws.

GENGIS.

GENGIS.

The laws! they are no more, or in my will
Alone are to be found; your laws already
Have been to fatal to me; they prevented
That happy union which my ſoul deſir'd,
And bound thee to another; but they're void,
And ſtand diſſolv'd by my ſuperior pow'r:
Obey me, madam; I have giv'n my orders,
And I expect your huſband ſhou'd deliver
Into my hands the emp'ror and Idame:
Remember, Zamti's life depends on you:
Let prudence teach you to diſarm the wrath
Of an offended king, who, bluſhing, owns
His fooliſh fondneſs for a worthleſs woman.

SCENE V.

IDAME, ASSELI.

IDAME.

Thou ſee'ſt my wretched fate; the tyrant leaves me
The cruel choice of infamy or death.
O, Zamti, I muſt yield thee to thy fate.

ASSELI.

Rather exert the pow'r which beauty gives thee
O'er the proud Scythian, you have found the art
To pleaſe him.

IDAME.

Wou'd I had not! that, alas!
But makes me more unhappy.

ASSELI.

You alone
Might ſoften all the rigour of our fate;
For you already his relenting ſoul
With-held its fierceneſs; you ſubdued his rage;
Zamti ſtill lives, his rival, and his foe:
This bloody conqu'ror ſtands in awe of thee,
And dare not hurt him: here he firſt beheld
They lovely form, here paid his guiltleſs vows.

IDAME.

No more: it were a crime to think of them.

SCENE VI.

ZAMTI, IDAME, ASSELI.

IDAME.

Zamti! what brought thee hither? what kind pow'r
Hath thus reſtor'd thee to my arms?

ZAMTI.

The tyrant
Hath giv'n me this ſhort reſpite; by his orders
I came to ſeek thee.

IDAME.

Haſt thou heard, my Zamti,
The ſhameful terms propos'd to ſave thy life,
And the dear Orphan's?

ZAMTI.

Mine's not worth thy care:
What is the loſs of one unhappy being
Amid'ſt the gen'ral ruin? O Idame,
Remember my firſt duty is to ſave
My king; whate'er we boaſt, whate'er we love,
To him we owe it all, except our honour,
That only good which we can call our own.
I have conceal'd the Orphan 'midſt the tombs
Of his great anceſtors, unleſs we ſoon
Fly to relieve him, he muſt periſh there.
Corea's gen'rous prince in vain expects him:
Etan, our faithful ſervant, is in chains;
Thou art our only hope; preſerve the life
Of thy dear infant, and thy huſband's honour.

IDAME.

What woud'ſt thou have me do?

ZAMTI.

Forget me, live
But for thy country, give up all to that,

And

And that alone; heav'n points out the fair path
Of glory to thee, and a huſband's death,
For Zamti ſoon muſt die, ſhall leave thee free
To act as beſt may ſerve the common cauſe:
Enſlave the Tartar, make him all thy own:
And yet to leave thee to that proud uſurper
Will make the pangs of death more bitter to me;
It is a dreadful ſacrifice, but duty
Spreads ſweet content o'er all that ſhe inſpires:
Idame, be a mother to thy king,
And reign; remember, 'tis my laſt command,
Preſerve thy ſov'reign, and be happy.

IDAME.

Stay,
Thou know'ſt me not: think'ſt thou I'll ever purchaſe
Thoſe ſhameful honours with my Zamti's blood?
O thou art doubly guilty; love and nature
Cry out againſt thee! barb'rous to thy ſon,
And ſtill more cruel to thy wife. O Zamti!
Heav'n points us out a nobler way to death.
The tyrant, whether from contempt or love
I know not, leaves me at full liberty;
I am not watch'd, or guarded here; I know
Each ſecret path and avenue that leads
To the dark tombs where thou haſt hid the king:

Thi-

Thither I'll fly, and to Corea's chief
Bear the rich prize, the nation's only hope,
The royal infant, as a gift from heav'n:
I know 'twill be in vain, and we muſt die;
But we ſhall die with glory; we ſhall leave
Behind us names that, worthy of remembrance,
Shall ſhine for ever in the rolls of time.
Now, Zamti, have I follow'd thy example?

ZAMTI.

Thou gracious God, who haſt inſpir'd, ſupport her!
I bluſh, my love, at thy ſuperior virtue;
Heav'n grant thee pow'r to ſave thy king and country!

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

IDAME, ASSELI.

ASSELI.

ALL then is loſt; twice in one fatal day
Have I beheld thee made a ſlave: alas!

What

What cou'd a helpleſs woman, unſupported,
Againſt a mighty conqu'ror?

IDAME.

I have done
What duty bade me, carry'd in my arms
The royal infant; for a while his preſence
Inſpir'd our troops; but Gengis came, and death
Follow'd his ſteps; the ſavage herd prevail'd,
And bore down all before them; I was made
Once more a captive.

ASSELI.

Zamti then muſt periſh,
And ſhare his maſter's fate.

IDAME.

They both muſt die:
Perhaps ſome cruel torments, worſe than death,
Already are prepar'd; my ſon perhaps
Muſt follow them: to triumph o'er my grief,
And aggravate my ſorrows, the proud tyrant
Call'd me before him: how his looks appall'd
My ſhrinking ſoul, when thrice he lifted up
His bloody hand againſt the wretched infants!
Trembling I ſtep'd between, and at his feet

Fell

Fell proſtrate; rudely then he puſh'd me from him,
And turn'd aſide; the ſavage guards around
Seem'd waiting for his orders to diſpatch me.

ASSELI.

He cannot, dare not do it: ſtill, thou ſeeſt,
Zamti is ſpar'd, the orphan king ſtill lives:
Let but Idame ſue to him for pardon,
And all will be forgiv'n.

IDAME.

O no; his love
Is turn'd to rage: he ſmil'd at my diſtreſs,
Laugh'd at my tears, and vow'd eternal hatred.

ASSELI.

And yet you may ſubdue him; the fierce lion
Roars in the toils, and bites his chain; he wou'd not
Thus talk of hatred if he did not love.

IDAME.

Whether he loves or hates, 'tis time to end
This wretched being.

ASSELI.

What have you reſolv'd?

IDAME.

IDAME.

When heav'n hath pour'd out all its wrath upon us,
And fill'd up the ſad meaſure of our woes,
It gives us courage to ſupport our griefs,
And ſuits our ſtrength to our calamities:
I feel new force, new vigour in my heart,
'Midſt all my ſorrows; henceforth I defy
The tyrant, and am miſtreſs of my fate.

ASSELI.

But can you leave your child, the dear lov'd object
Of all your hopes and fears?

IDAME.

There, Aſſeli,
You pierce my heart: O dreadful ſacrifice!
I have done all to ſave him: the uſurper
Will not deſcend ſo low as to deſtroy
A helpleſs infant; for his mother's ſake,
Whom once he lov'd, perhaps may ſpare my child;
That pleaſing hope at leaſt will ſooth my ſoul
In the dark hour of death: he will relent
When I am gone, nor carry his fierce wrath
Beyond the grave, to perſecute my ſon.

SCENE

SCENE II.

IDAME, ASSELI, OCTAR.

OCTAR.

Madam, you muſt attend the emperor.
[To the guards.
Guard you theſe infants; watch the door, that none
May paſs this way. [To Aſſeli.
You, madam, may retire.

IDAME.

The emp'ror ſend for me?—but I obey.
Cou'd I have ſeen my Zamti firſt! perhaps
It is a vain requeſt: does pity ne'er
Dwell in a Tartar's breaſt? might I implore
Your friendſhip to aſſiſt me?

OCTAR.

No: when once
The royal word is paſs'd, to offer counſel
Is little leſs than treaſon: you had kings
Indeed of old who gave up all their rights,
And let their ſubjects rule; but manners change
With times; we liſten not to idle pray'rs,
Or yield to woman's tears; by arms alone

We

We rule the ſubject world: therefore obey,
And wait the emperor's commands.

SCENE III.

IDAME. [Alone.

Thou God
Of the afflicted, who behold'ſt my wrongs,
Support me now, inſpire me with a portion
Of my dear Zamti's courage!

SCENE IV.

GENGIS-KAN, IDAME.

GENGIS.

Gengis comes
Once more to humble thy proud ſoul; to ſhew thee
Thy foul ingratitude, thy by baſe ſetum
For all my kindneſs to thee; yet thou know'ſt not
How guilty thou haſt been; thou know'ſt not yet
Thy danger, not the anguiſh of my ſoul;
Thou whom I lov'd, and whom I ought to hate,
To puniſh, to deſtroy.

IDAME.

Then puniſh me,
And me alone; 'tis all I aſk of Gengis:

Finiſh

Finiſh a life of mis'ry, ſatiate here
Thy thirſt of blood: Idame hath been faithful,
That is a crime thou never can'ſt forgive:
Strike then, and be reveng'd.

GENGIS.

Thou know'ſt I cannot;
Thou know'ſt I am more wretched than thyſelf.
But I'm reſolv'd: the Orphan, and thy ſon,
Are in my pow'r: for Zamti, he has long
Deſerv'd to die; the rebel braves my wrath,
And yet I ſpare him; if you wiſh his life
You muſt forget him; death will break the chain
That binds you; then I might with juſtice ſeize,
And make you mine; but know, this proud barbarian,
This Scythian tyrant, whom you treat with ſcorn,
Is not unworthy of Idame's love:
Abjure your marriage, and I'll raiſe your child
To equal rank and ſplendor with my own:
The Orphan ſhall be ſafe, your huſband ſpar'd;
Their lives, their welfare, and their happineſs,
The happineſs of Gengis, all depend
On thee, Idame; for I love thee ſtill:
But think not I will bear thy cruel inſults,
Thy tyrant ſcorn, and all the pride of beauty:
My ſoul, thou know'ſt, is violent; take heed,

Pro-

Provoke it not, leſt vengeance fall upon thee.
Speak the deciſive word that muſt determine
The fate of Gengis, and his empire; ſay,
Or muſt I love or hate Idame?

IDAME.

Neither:
Your hatred were unjuſt, your love moſt guilty,
And moſt unworthy of us both: I aſk
Your juſtice; I demand it; 'tis a debt
Which a king owes to all: if you have loſt,
I wou'd reſtore it to you, and, in ſecret,
I know your conſcience juſtifies Idame.

GENGIS.

Then hatred is your choice; 'tis well; henceforth
Expect the vengeance of an injur'd monarch:
Your prince, your huſband, and your ſon ſhall pay
For proud Idame's ſcorn, and with their blood
Atone for her ingratitude: their doom
Was ſeal'd by thee, thou art their murtherer.

IDAME.

Barb'rous, inhuman Gengis.

GENGIS.

So I am,
Thanks to thy kind regard! you might have had
A tender lover, but you choſe a maſter,
Proud,

Proud, mercileſs, and ſavage, one whoſe hatred
Is equal to thy own.

IDAME.

He is my king;
As ſuch I rev'rence him: this ſingle boon,
Low on my knees intreat.

GENGIS.

Idame, riſe;
Speak, I attend: perhaps ſome kinder thoughts—

IDAME.

Might Zamti be permitted for a while
To viſit me in ſecret?

GENGIS.

What?

IDAME.

My lord,
But for a moment, 'tis my laſt requeſt;
Perhaps it may be better for us both.

GENGIS.

'Tis ſtrange: but be it ſo: perhaps the ſlave,
Taught by calamity, that beſt of maſters,
No longer will deſire the fatal honour

Of

Of being rival to a conqueror:
On you his fate depends; divorce, or death:
Give him the choice.
Watch here. [To Octar.
[To the guards.
Guards, follow me:
Still am I wav'ring, ſtill unhappy; ſtill
Is Gengis doom'd to be the ſlave of love. [Exit.

IDAME. [Alone.

Once more Idame lives; methinks I feel
New ſtrength and vigour ſhoot thro' ev'ry vein:
Now, Gengis, I defy thee.

SCENE V.

ZAMTI, IDAME.

IDAME.

O my Zamti,
Dearer to me than all thoſe conquerors,
Whom ſervile mortals flatter into gods;
My other deity, to whom in vain
I never ſue: alas, my love, too well
Thou know'ſt our fate; the dreadful hour is come.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

I know it is.

IDAME.

In vain thy patriot care
Strove to preſerve the orphan king.

ZAMTI.

That hope
Is loſt; we'll think no more on't: thou haſt done
Thy ev'ry duty, and I die content.

IDAME.

What will become of our dear child? forgive
A mother, Zamti; I have ſhewn ſome courage,
And therefore thou wilt pardon me.

ZAMTI.

The kings
Of Catai are no more; the nobles held
In ignominious chains; they moſt deſerve
Our pity, who are ſtill condemn'd to live.

IDAME.

O they have doom'd thee to a ſhameful death.

ZAMTI.

'Tis what I've long expected.

IDAME.

Hear me then;
Is there no path to death but from the palace?
Bulls bleed at th' altar; criminals are dragg'd
To puniſhment; but gen'rous minds are maſters
Of their own fate: why meet it from the hands
Of Gengis? were we born dependant thus
On others wills? no, let us imitate
Our bolder neighbours, live with eaſe, and die
When life grows burthenſome: wrongs unreveng'd
To them are inſupportable, and death
More welcome far than infamy: they wait not
For a proud tyrant's nod, but meet their fate.
We've taught theſe iſlanders ſome uſeful arts,
And wherefore deign we not to learn from them
Some neceſſary virtues?—Let us die.

ZAMTI.

Yes: I approve thy noble reſolution,
And think, extremity of ſorrow mocks
The pow'r of laws; but wretched ſlaves, diſarm'd
As we are, and bow'd down beneath our tyrants,
Muſt wait the blow.

IDAME.

IDAME. [Drawing out a poignard.
Strike, Zamti, and be free.

ZAMTI.

O heav'n!

IDAME.

Strike here, my Zamti, this weak arm
Perhaps might err; thy firmer hand will beſt
Direct the fatal ſtroke; now ſacrifice
A faithful wife, and let her huſband fall
Beſide her: yes, my love, we'll die together;
With jealous eye the tyrant ſhall behold us
Expiring in each others arms.

ZAMTI.

Thank heav'n!
Thy virtue never fails; this is the laſt,
The deareſt mark of my Idame's love;
Receive my laſt farewell; give me the dagger:
Now turn aſide.

IDAME.

There, take it.
[Gives him the dagger.
Kill me firſt;
Thou trembleſt.

ZAMTI.

O I cannot.

IDAME.

Strike, my lord.

ZAMTI.

I ſhudder at the thought—

IDAME.

O cruel Zamti,

Strike here, and then—

ZAMTI.

I will—now follow me.

[Attempts to ſtab himſelf.

IDAME. [Laying hold of his arm.

You muſt not—here, my lord—

SCENE VI.

GENGIS, OCTAR, IDAME, ZAMTI, Guards.

GENGIS.

O heav'n! diſarm him.

[Guards diſarm him.

What wou'd ye do?

IDAME.

We wou'd have freed ourſelves
From miſery and thee.

ZAMTI.

Thou wilt not envy us
The privilege to die.

GENGIS.

Indeed I will:
O pow'r ſupreme, thou witneſs of my wrongs
And of my weakneſs, thou who haſt ſubdu'd
So many kings for me, ſhall I at laſt
Be worthy of thy goodneſs?—Zamti, thou
Still triumph'ſt o'er me; ſhe whom I ador'd
Thy wife, had rather die by thy lov'd hand
Than live with Gengis: but ye both ſhall learn
To bear my yoke, perhaps yet more.

IDAME.

What ſay'ſt thou?

ZAMTI.

For what new ſcene of inhumanity
Are we reſerv'd?

IDAME.

Why is our fate conceal'd?

GENGIS.

GENGIS.

Be not impatient; ye ſhall know it ſoon.
Ye've done me ample juſtice, be it mine
Now to return it: I admire you both;
You have ſubdued me, and I bluſh to ſit
On Catai's throne, whilſt there are ſouls like yours
So much above me; vainly have I try'd
By glorious deeds to build myſelf a name
Among the nations; you have humbled me,
And I wou'd equal you: I did not know
That mortals cou'd be maſters of themſelves;
That greateſt glory I have learn'd from you:
I am not what I was; to you I owe
The wond'rous change; I come to reunite,
To ſave, and to protect you: watch, Idame,
Your prince's tender years; to thee I give
The precious charge, by right of conqueſt mine;
Hereafter I will be a father to him:
At length you may confide in Gengis; once
I was a conqu'ror, now I am a king.

[To Zamti.

Zamti, be thou our law's interpreter,
And make the world as good and pure as thou art;
Teach reaſon, juſtice, and morality,
And let the conquer'd rule the conquerors;
Let wiſdom reign, and ſtill direct our valour;

Let

Let prudence triumph over ſtrength; her king
Will ſet th' example, and your conqueror
Henceforth ſhall be obedient to your law.

IDAME.

What do I hear?

ZAMTI.

Thou art indeed our king,
And we ſhall bleſs thy ſway.

IDAME.

What cou'd inſpire
This great deſign, and work this change?

GENGIS.

Thy virtues:

END of the FIFTH and LAST ACT.

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